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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of Travels and Discoveries in North-east and Central Africa, in 1822, 1823, and 1824. By Major Denham, Capt. Clapperton, and the late Dr. Oudney, &c. &c. 4to. pp. circ. 870. London, 1826. J. Murray.

Of this work very high expectations have been formed, and, unlike many publications under similar circumstances, it will not disappoint them. The volume is full of novel intelligence, and replete with remarkable incident. Extending across the Great Desert from Tripoli to within ten degrees of the Equator on the north, besides a lateral movement to a considerable distance towards the west, (reaching from Kouka in Bornou to Sackatoo, the capital of the Fellatah empire,) these travels bring us to a knowledge of much geographical importance; of extraordinary interest as it relates to tribes and nations hitherto unseen by European eyes; and of curious value in so far as it has gathered from report information respecting rivers and countries still unexplored by African enterprise. Such are its general characteristics: nor do its details fall short in matters well calculated to gratify the public. Personal adventures of the most striking kind; stories of peril and of death, imparting a melancholy feeling to the narrative of our surviving countrymen; an admirably drawn and ably engraved series of illustrations, embracing no fewer than forty-three portraits, views, &c. &c.; and an excellent map, shewing the route of the travellers, as the pictures illustrate the features, costume, and customs of the natives; all combine to increase the attractions of this book, which, like a *wadey* in the heart of the desert, gladdens us amid the sterility of the present publishing season. It will, therefore, be a pleasing task to make our readers acquainted with its leading traits and merits; only premising that the style is lively and agreeable, and the entire character of a very popular description.

Having performed the fatiguing journey from Tripoli to Mourguk, in Fezzan, our travellers found nothing but delays and disappointments interposed between them and their ulterior objects. Notwithstanding the Bashaw's letters, their progress was impeded, and Major Denham was obliged to retrace his weary steps to Tripoli, where he obtained an audience of the ruler, and stated his grievances in a way becoming the spirit of a Briton. Not being satisfied, he sailed for England, telling the Bashaw that he would represent to our Government how grievously they had been deceived, and how shamefully the word of promise had been broken. This had the desired effect: the Bashaw despatched couriers after him to Marsailles, Malta, and Leghorn; and receiving the despatch sent to the first-mentioned place, he re-embarked for the coast of Barbary, and, in seven days after, the expedition set out with good auspices, under the conduct of a worthy Arab merchant, called Boo-Khaloom, and a sufficient

"Besides our own people," says the author, "and the followers of Boo-Khaloom, we had a number of liberated slaves who were returning to their homes. The bashaw had given freedom to twenty-four from the castle, sixteen of whom were females. Our friend Mohammed D'Ghies had also liberated three young women, all under twenty, natives of Begharmi, the evening previous to our leaving Tripoli, telling them, in my presence, that his friends the English wishing to visit their country, was the cause of their being set at liberty. There are circumstances attached to this act of D'Ghies beyond the mere liberation of three healthy negroes, so creditable to the feelings of this excellent old man, that they must not be omitted. Two of these girls only had fallen into his hands, and on his intimating to them his intention of giving them their liberty, they told him that another sister had been brought to Tripoli with them, and sold, like themselves, to slavery; but they knew not what was become of her. Mohammed D'Ghies, after much inquiry, succeeded in finding out who had been the purchaser, paid the price demanded for her liberation, and provided the means for enabling all the sisters to return together to their own country with Boo-Khaloom.

"On the 20th October, in a date grove a short distance from the town of Temenhint, we found a kafile from Mourzuk, and some of the Mamelukes who had come from Darfoor and Waday. I visited them with Boo-Khaloom; their tents scarcely held together, and they gave a deplorable account of their sufferings; two of them had been boys, and one, Mohammed Bey, was still in the prime of life, and conversed with spirit; the other, Ali Bey, appeared weighed down by his misfortunes, and was between fifty and sixty years of age; they had left Cairo fifteen years, and had passed the greater part of their exile in and near Dongala. On the approach of the army of Mohammed Ali, three hundred and fifty of them mustered at Dongala, and determined on passing to Kordofan, and from thence to Darfoor. At Darfoor they refused to receive them, and they then moved on to Wara, the capital of Waday, where also they were refused permission to remain. For four months they had been in great distress, the Waday people refusing to sell them any thing for themselves, or forage for their horses, all of which they were consequently obliged to part with, taking slaves for them, which they again exchanged for ostrich feathers, and any thing they could get. At Waday, all but twenty-six determined on proceeding to the south; they, however, afterwards altered their minds, and took the direction of the army of Mohammed Ali, meaning to claim protection there. The twenty-six left Waday just before the *Ithamadan* (May), and followed the tracks of camels until they came to a kafile of Fezzaneers proceeding to Mourzuk. This kafile they joined; but in passing through the Tibboo Borgoo country, one of their camels strayed and tore a branch from a

date tree, for which the Borgoo people beat and wounded one of the Mameluke slaves: this was resented by the Mamelukes, and a quarrel ensued, which the Fezzaneers in vain attempted to arrange. They also became sufferers: the Borgoo people attacked and followed the kafile for five days, during which time twenty of the Mamelukes were killed, and thirteen of the Fezzaneers; the six remaining Mamelukes were now on their way to Tripoli, in the hope of obtaining from the bashaw permission to pass the remainder of their lives in his regency: they had lost forty thousand dollars since leaving Egypt.

"Mohammed Bey describes the people of Borgoo and Waday as savages of the worst description, abhorring even the sight of a white man. I told him it was my intention to proceed in the direction of Darfoor, if possible: he replied, placing my hand in Boo-Khaloom's, 'Do not leave this good man, Sidi-Rais, if you hope to return.' But rarely a kafile passes from Dongala to Darfoor; to Bornou, never.

"I had succeeded," continues Major D., "in engaging, on my return to Tripoli, as an attendant to accompany me to Bornou, a native of the island of St. Vincent, whose real name was Adolphus Sympkins; but who, in consequence of his having run away from home, and in a merchant-vessel traversed half the world over, had acquired the name of Columbus; he had been several years in the service of the bashaw, spoke three European languages, and perfect Arabic. This person was of the greatest service to the mission, and so faithful an attendant, that his majesty's government have since employed him to accompany my former companion and colleague, Capt. Clapperton, on the arduous service he is now engaged in: we had besides three free negroes, whom we had hired in Tripoli as our private servants; Jacob, a Gibraltar Jew, who was a sort of store-keeper; four men to look after our camels; and those, with Mr. Hillman and ourselves, made up the number of our household to thirteen persons. We were also accompanied by several merchants from Mesurata, Tripoli, Sockna, and Mourzuk, who gladly embraced the protection of our escort to proceed to the interior with their merchandise.

"The Arabs in the service of the bashaw of Tripoli, by whom we were to be escorted to Bornou, and on whose good conduct our success almost wholly depended, were now nearly all assembled, and had been chosen from the most obedient tribes; they gained considerably in our good opinion each day we became better acquainted with them: they were not only a great and most necessary protection to us, breaking the ground as we were for any Europeans who might follow our steps, but enlivened us greatly on our dreary desert way by their infinite wit and sagacity, as well as by their poetry, extempore and traditional. We had several amongst our party who shone as orators in verse, to use the idiom of their own expressive language, particularly one of the tribe of Boo Saif Marabooteens, or gifted per-

sons, who would sing for an hour together, faithfully describing the whole of our journey for the preceding fortnight, relating the most trifling occurrence that had happened, even to the name of the well, and the colour and taste of the water, with astonishing rapidity and humour, and in very tolerable poetry; while some of his traditional ballads were beautiful. The names of the chiefs who were to accompany us were as follows:—

"Of the tribe of M'Garha, Sheikh Abdi Smud ben Erhoma, from the Syrtis, with seventy men. He often said that his father's name was renowned in song, for having killed one hundred men with his own hand in battle, and please God! he should exceed him, for he was but thirty-five, and had brought forty to the ground already.

"The M'Garhas are at this time in great favour with the bashaw, and entirely exempt from tribute of any sort, from having assisted him very materially in annihilating the Waled Suleyman; I must, therefore, give some account of them.

"They principally inhabit the Syrtis, where a considerable body always remain; tribes of them, with their flocks, pitch their tents for the months of pasture wherever they can find forage, and in times of peace, even to within a few leagues of Tripoli. When the present bashaw determined on putting a finishing stroke to the Waled Suleyman, by the extermination of the tribe, he, like a wily politician, sent offers of peace and protection to the M'Garhas, the ancient and inveterate enemies of the Sef-fenuser. In their occasional skirmishes no quarter was given, and a Waled Suleyman literally sucked the blood of a M'Garha, after giving him the finishing blow: children were even called upon to follow the parent's example, so that they might imbibe all the hatred felt by their ancestors, and *vice versa*. The tribe of M'Garha readily accepted the bashaw's offers, and with their assistance, about six years back, the Waled Suleyman struggled with the power of the bashaw for the last time."

But we will (for the present) pass by the second journey of Major Denham to Mour-zuk, and his reunion with his companions; and also Dr. Oudney's excursion, in extremely bad health, from Mourzuk to Ghraat, that we may in this paper give some of the particulars of the march from Mourzuk to Kouka, on the lake Tchad, and thence, of Major Denham's expedition (south) to Mora, and warlike adventures, in conjunction with the Arabs and the Sultan of Mandara.

The outset of the expedition was thus marked:—

"Much necessary arrangement had been made here by laying in a stock of dates, &c. for our long journey, and at eleven A. M. we left Gatroue. The marabout accompanied Boo-Khaloom outside the town, and having drawn—not a magic circle, but a parallelogram—on the sand, with his wand he wrote in it certain words of great import from the Koran; the crowd looking on in silent astonishment, while he assumed a manner, both graceful and imposing, so as to make it impossible for any one to feel at all inclined to ridicule his motions. When he had finished repeating the fatah aloud, he invited us singly to ride through the spot he had consecrated, and, having obeyed him, we silently proceeded on our journey, without even repeating an adieu.

"The sultans of Fezzan probably think that the only means of keeping these people in order is by keeping them poor. Their only produce is dates; but those are of excellent

quality. No vegetables are raised here, and we could not even procure an onion. Almost every town in Africa has its charm or wonder, and Tegerhy is not without one. There is a well just outside the castle gates, the water of which, we were told most gravely, 'always rose when a kafila was coming near the town! that the inhabitants always prepared what they had to sell on seeing this water increase in bulk, for it never deceived them!' In proof of this assertion, they pointed out to me how much higher the water had been previous to our arrival than it was at the moment we were standing on the brink. This I could have explained by the number of camels that had drank at it; but I saw it was better policy to believe what every body allowed to be true; even Boo-Khaloom exclaimed, 'Allah! God is great, powerful, and wise! How wonderful! Oh!' Over the inner gate of the castle there is a large hole through to the gateway underneath, and they tell a story of a woman dropping from thence a stone on the head of some leader who had gained the outer wall, giving him, by that means, the death of Abimelech in sacred history.

"About sunset we halted near a well, within a half mile of Meshroo. Round this spot were lying more than one hundred skeletons, some of them with the skin still remaining attached to the bones—not even a little sand thrown over them. The Arabs laughed heartily at my expression of horror, and said, 'they were only blacks, *nam boo!*' (damn their fathers!) and began knocking about the limbs with the but-end of their firelocks, saying, 'This was a woman! This was a youngster!' and such like unfeeling expressions. The greater part of the unhappy people of whom these were the remains, had formed the spoils of the Sultan of Fezzan the year before. I was assured that they had left Bornou with not above a quarter's allowance for each, and that more died from want than fatigue. They were marched off with chains round their necks and legs: the most robust only arrived in Fezzan in a very debilitated state, and were there fattened for the Tripoli slave market.

"Our camels did not come up until it was quite dark, and we bivouacked in the midst of these unearthed remains of the victims of persecution and avarice, after a long day's journey of twenty-six miles, in the course of which one of our party counted one hundred and seven of these skeletons.

"Dec. 19.—Moved round a winding pass to the west, and, after an ascent of three hundred feet, descended a sandy steep to the east. This was rather a picturesque spot, looking back upon Thenea. Our road lay over a long plain with a slight ridge. A fine naga (she-camel) lay down on the road this day, as I thought from fatigue. The Arabs crowded round and commenced unloading her, when, upon inquiry, I found that she was suddenly taken in labour: about five minutes completed the operation,—a very fine little animal was literally dragged into light. It was then thrown across another camel, and the mother, after being reloaded, followed quietly after her offspring. One of the skeletons we passed to-day had a very fresh appearance; the beard was still hanging to the skin of the face, and the features were still discernible. A merchant travelling with the kafila, suddenly exclaimed, 'That was my slave! I left him behind four months ago, near this spot.'—'Make haste! take him to the foug,' (market) said an Arab wag, 'for fear any body else should claim him.' We had no water, and a most fatiguing day.

"Dec. 22.—We moved before daylight, passing some rough sand-hills, mixed with red stone, to the west, over a plain of fine gravel, and halted at the maten, called El-Hammar, close under a bluff head, which had been in view since quitting our encampment in the morning. Strict orders had been given this day for the camels to keep close up, and for the Arabs not to straggle—the Tibboo Arabs having been seen on the look out. During the last two days we had passed on an average from sixty to eighty or ninety skeletons each day; but the numbers that lay about the wells at El-Hammar were countless. Those of two women, whose perfect and regular teeth bespoke them young, were particularly shocking; their arms still remained clasped round each other as they had expired, although the flesh had long since perished by being exposed to the burning rays of the sun, and the blackened bones only left; the nails of the fingers, and some of the sinews of the hand, also remained; and part of the tongue of one of them still appeared through the teeth. We had now passed six days of desert without the slightest appearance of vegetation, and a little branch of the souak was brought to me here as a comfort and curiosity."

These extracts will afford some idea of what the travellers had to encounter on their way; and we will overstep a large track, to come at once to Kouka in Bornou.

"Feb. 17.—This was to us a momentous day, and it seemed to be equally so to our conductors. Notwithstanding all the difficulties that had presented themselves at the various stages of our journey, we were at last within a few short miles of our destination; were about to become acquainted with a people who had never seen, or scarcely heard of, a European; and to tread on ground, the knowledge and true situation of which had hitherto been wholly unknown. These ideas of course excited no common sensations, and could scarcely be unaccompanied by strong hopes of our labours being beneficial to the race amongst whom we were shortly to mix: of our laying the first stone of a work which might lead to their civilisation, if not their emancipation from all their prejudices and ignorance, and probably, at the same time, open a field of commerce to our own country, which might increase its wealth and prosperity. Our accounts had been so contradictory of the state of this country, that no opinion could be formed as to the real condition or the numbers of its inhabitants. We had been told that the sheikh's soldiers were a few ragged negroes armed with spears, who lived upon the plunder of the Black Kaffir countries by which he was surrounded, and which he was enabled to subdue by the assistance of a few Arabs who were in his service; and again, we had been assured that his forces were not only numerous, but to a certain degree well trained. The degree of credit which might be attached to these reports was nearly balanced in the scales of probability; and we advanced towards the town of Kouka in a most interesting state of uncertainty, whether we should find its chief at the head of thousands, or be received by him under a tree, surrounded by a few naked slaves.

"These doubts, however, were quickly removed. I had ridden on a short distance in front of Boo-Khaloom, with his train of Arabs, all mounted, and dressed out in their best apparel, and, from the thickness of the trees, soon lost sight of them, fancying that the road could not be mistaken. I rode still onwards, and, on approaching a spot less thickly planted,

was not a little surprised to see in front of me a body of several thousand cavalry drawn up in line, and extending right and left quite as far as I could see; and checking my horse, I awaited the arrival of my party, under the shade of a wide-spreading acacia. The Bornou troops remained quite steady, without noise or confusion; and a few horsemen, who were moving about in front giving directions, were the only persons out of the ranks. On the Arabs appearing in sight, a shout, or yell, was given by the sheikh's people, which rent the air; a blast was blown from their rude instruments of music equally loud, and they moved on to meet Boo-Khaloom and his Arabs. There was an appearance of tact and management in their movements which astonished me: three separate small bodies, from the centre and each flank, kept charging rapidly towards us, to within a few feet of our horses' heads, without checking the speed of their own until the moment of their halt, while the whole body moved onwards. These parties were mounted on small but very perfect horses, who stopped and wheeled from their utmost speed with great precision and expertness, shaking their spears over their heads, exclaiming, 'Barca! Barca! Alla hiakkum cha, alla cheraga!—Blessing! blessing! Sons of your country! Sons of your country!' and returning quickly to the front of the body, in order to repeat the charge. While all this was going on, they closed in their right and left flanks, and surrounded the little body of Arab warriors so completely, as to give the compliment of welcoming them very much the appearance of a declaration of their contempt for their weakness. I am quite sure this was premeditated; we were all so closely pressed as to be nearly smothered, and in some danger from the crowding of the horses and clashing of the spears. Moving on was impossible, and we therefore came to a full stop. Our chief was much enraged, but it was all to no purpose; he was only answered by shrieks of 'Welcome!' and spears most unpleasantly rattled over our heads, expressive of the same feeling. This annoyance was not, however, of long duration; Barca Gana, the sheikh's first general, a negro of a noble aspect, clothed in a figured silk robe, and mounted on a beautiful Mandara horse, made his appearance; and, after a little delay, the rear was cleared of those who had pressed in upon us, and we moved on, although but very slowly, from the frequent impediment thrown in our way by these wild equestrians.

"The sheikh's negroes, as they were called, meaning the black chiefs and favourites, all raised to that rank by some deed of bravery, were habited in coats of mail composed of iron chain, which covered them from the throat to the knees, dividing behind, and coming on each side of the horse: some of them had helmets, or rather skull-caps, of the same metal, with chin-pieces, all sufficiently strong to ward off the shock of a spear. Their horses' heads were also defended by plates of iron, brass, and silver, just leaving sufficient room for the eyes of the animal.

"At length, on arriving at the gate of the town, ourselves, Boo-Khaloom, and about a dozen of his followers, were alone allowed to enter the gates; and we proceeded along a wide street completely lined with spearmen on foot, with cavalry in front of them, to the door of the sheikh's residence. Here the horsemen were formed up three deep, and we came to a stand: some of the chief attendants came out, and after a great many 'Barcas! Barcas!' retired, when others performed the same ceremony. We were now again left sitting on our

horses in the sun: Boo-Khaloom began to lose all patience, and swore by the bashaw's head, that he would return to the tents if he was not immediately admitted: he got, however, no satisfaction but a motion of the hand from one of the chiefs, meaning 'wait patiently;' and I whispered to him the necessity of obeying, as we were hemmed in on all sides, and to retire without permission would have been as difficult as to advance. Barca Gana now appeared, and made a sign that Boo-Khaloom should dismount: we were about to follow his example, when an intimation that Boo-Khaloom was alone to be admitted, again fixed us to our saddles. Another half hour at least passed without any news from the interior of the building; when the gates opened, and the four Englishmen only were called for, and we advanced to the skiffa (entrance). Here we were stopped most unceremoniously by the black guards in waiting, and were allowed, one by one only, to ascend a staircase; at the top of which we were again brought to a stand by crossed spears, and the open flat hand of a negro laid upon our breast. Boo-Khaloom came from the inner chamber, and asked, 'If we were prepared to salute the sheikh as we did the bashaw?' We replied, 'Certainly;' which was merely an inclination of the head, and laying the right hand on the heart. He advised our laying our hands also on our heads; but we replied, 'The thing was impossible! we had but one manner of salutation for any body, except our own sovereign!'

"Another parley now took place, but in a minute or two he returned, and we were ushered into the presence of the Sheikh of Spens. We found him in a small, dark room, sitting on a carpet, plainly dressed in a blue robe of Soudan and a shawl turban. Two negroes were on each side of him, armed with pistols, and on his carpet lay a brace of these instruments. Fire-arms were hanging in different parts of the room, presents from the bashaw and Mustapha L'Achmar, the Sultan of Fezzan, which are here considered as invaluable. His personal appearance was prepossessing, apparently not more than forty-five or forty-six, with an expressive countenance, and a benevolent smile. We delivered our letter from the bashaw; and after he had read it, he inquired, 'What was our object in coming?' We answered, 'To see the country merely, and to give an account of its inhabitants, produce, and appearance; as our sultan was desirous of knowing every part of the globe.' His reply was, 'That we were welcome! and whatever he could shew us would give him pleasure; that he had ordered huts to be built for us in the town; and that we might then go, accompanied by one of his people, to see them; and that when we were recovered from the fatigue of our long journey, he would be happy to see us.' With this we took our leave.

"Our huts were little, round, mud buildings, placed within a wall, at no great distance from the residence of the sheikh. The enclosure was quadrangular, and had several divisions formed by partitions of straw mats, where nests of huts were built, and occupied by the stranger merchants who accompanied the kafil: one of these divisions was assigned to us, and we crept into the shade of our earthy dwellings, not a little fatigued with our entré and presentation.

"Our huts were immediately so crowded with visitors, that we had not a moment's peace, and the heat was insufferable. Boo-Khaloom had delivered his presents from the bashaw, and brought us a message of compli-

ment, together with an intimation that our own would be received on the following day. About noon we received a summons to attend the sheikh; and we proceeded to the palace, preceded by our negroes, bearing the articles destined for the sheikh by our government; consisting of a double-barrelled gun, by Wilkinson, with a box, and all the apparatus complete, a pair of excellent pistols in a case, two pieces of superfine broad cloth, red and blue, to which we added a set of china, and two bundles of spices.

"The ceremony of getting into the presence was ridiculous enough, although nothing could be more plain and devoid of pretension than the appearance of the sheikh himself. We passed through passages lined with attendants, the front men sitting on their hams; and when we advanced too quickly, we were suddenly arrested by these fellows, who caught forcibly hold of us by the legs, and had not the crowd prevented our falling, we should most infallibly have become prostrate before arriving in the presence. Previous to entering into the open court, in which we were received, our papouches, or slippers, were whipped off by these active though sedentary gentlemen of the chamber; and we were seated on some clean sand on each side of a raised bench of earth, covered with a carpet, on which the sheikh was reclining. We laid the gun and the pistols together before him, and explained to him the locks, turnscrows, and steel shot-cases holding two charges each, with all of which he seemed exceedingly well pleased; the powder-flask, and the manner in which the charge is divided from the body of powder, did not escape his observation: the other articles were taken off by the slaves almost as soon as they were laid before him. Again we were questioned as to the object of our visit. The sheikh, however, shewed evident satisfaction at our assurance that the King of England had heard of Bornou and himself; and, immediately turning to his kaganawha (counsellor), said, 'This is in consequence of our defeating the Begharmis.' Upon which, the chief who had most distinguished himself in these memorable battles, Bagah Furby (the gatherer of horses), senting himself in front of us, demanded, 'Did he ever hear of me?' The immediate reply of 'Certainly' did wonders for our cause. Exclamations were general; and, 'Ah! then, your king must be a great man!' was re-echoed from every side. We had nothing offered us by way of refreshment, and took our leave.

"I may here observe, that besides occasional presents of bullocks, camel-loads of wheat and rice, leathern skins of butter, jars of honey, and honey in the comb, five or six wooden bowls were sent us, morning and evening, containing rice, with meat, paste made of barley flour, savoury but very greasy; and on our first arrival, as many had been sent of sweets, mostly composed of curd and honey.

"In England a brace of trout might be considered as a handsome present to a traveller sojourning in the neighbourhood of a stream; but at Bornou things are done differently. A camel-load of beem, and a sort of mullet, was thrown before our huts on the second morning after our arrival; and for fear that should not be sufficient, in the evening another was sent.

"We had a fag, or market, in front of one of the principal gates of the town. Slaves, sheep, and bullocks, the latter in great numbers, were the principal live stock for sale. There were at least fifteen thousand persons

placed together, some of them coming from places two and three days distant. Wheat, rice, and gussub, were abundant: tamarinds in the pod, ground nuts, ban beans, ochroes, and indigo; the latter is very good, and in great use amongst the natives, to dye their tobes (shirts) and linen; stripes of deep indigo colour, or stripes of it alternately with white, being highly esteemed by most of the Bornou women: the leaves are moistened, and pounded up altogether, when they are formed into lumps, and so brought to market. Of vegetables there was a great scarcity—onions, bastard tomatoes, alone were offered for sale; and of fruits not any; a few limes, which the sheikh had sent us from his garden, being the only fruit we had seen in Bornou. Leather was in great quantities; and the skins of the large snake, and pieces of the skin of the crocodile, used as an ornament for the scabbards of their daggers, were also brought to me for sale; and butter, leban (sour milk), honey, and wooden bowls, from Soudan. The costumes of the women, who for the most part were the vendors, were various: those of Kanem and Bornou were most numerous, and the former was as becoming as the latter had a contrary appearance. The variety in costume amongst the ladies consists entirely in the head ornaments; the only difference, in the scanty covering which is bestowed on the other parts of the person, lies in the choice of the wearer, who either ties the piece of linen, blue or white, under the arms, and across the breasts, or fastens it rather fantastically on one shoulder, leaving one breast naked. The Kanembo women have small plaits of hair hanging down all around the head, quite to the poll of the neck, with a roll of leather or string of little brass beads in front, hanging down from the centre on each side of the face, which has by no means an unbecoming appearance: they have sometimes strings of silver rings instead of the brass, and a large round silver ornament in front of their foreheads. The female slaves from Musgow, a large kingdom to the south-east of Mandara, are particularly disagreeable in their appearance, although considered as very trustworthy, and capable of great labour: their hair is rolled up in three large plaits, which extend from the forehead to the back of the neck, like the Bornowy; one larger in the centre, and two smaller on each side: they have silver studs in their nose, and one large one just under the lower lip of the size of a shilling, which goes quite through into the mouth: to make room for this ornament, a tooth or two is sometimes displaced.

"The principal slaves are generally intrusted with the sale of such produce as the owner of them may have to dispose of; and if they come from any distance, the whole is brought on bullocks, which are harnessed after the fashion of the country, by a string or iron run through the cartilage of the nose, and a saddle of mat. The masters not unfrequently attend the *fsug* with their spears, and loiter about without interfering; purchases are mostly made by exchange of one commodity for another, or paid for by small beads, pieces of coral and amber, or the coarse linen manufactured by all the people, and sold at forty gubka for a dollar. Amongst other articles offered to me for sale by the people (who, if I stood still for an instant, crowded round me), was a young lion and a monkey; the latter appeared really the more dangerous of the two, and from being a degree or two lighter in complexion than his master, he seemed to have a decided aversion to me.

"The lion walked about with great uncon-

cern, confined merely by a small rope round his neck held by the negro, who had caught him when he was not two months old, and, having had him for a period of three months, now wished to part with him; he was about the size of a donkey colt, with very large limbs, and the people seemed to go very close to him, without much alarm, notwithstanding he struck with his foot the leg of one man who stood in his way, and made the blood flow copiously: they opened the ring which was formed round this noble animal as I approached; and, coming within two or three yards of him, he fixed his eye upon me in a way that excited sensations I cannot describe, from which I was awakened by the fellow calling to me to come nearer, at the same time laying his hand on the animal's back: a moment's recollection convinced me that there could be no more danger nearer than where I was, and I stepped boldly up beside the negro, and I believe should have laid my hand on the lion the next moment; but, after looking carelessly at me, he brushed past my legs, broke the ring, and pulled his conductor away with him, overturning several who stood before him, and bounded off to another part, where there were fewer people."

At Birnie the Sultan of Bornou resides; but the sheikh is the lord and master—the *maîtres du palais* of African government, and the sultans in these parts merely shadows with pageantry attached to them. But even the remarkable visit to Birnie and the sultan we shall omit, for the purpose of copying an account of still greater interest. Major Denham with much difficulty was allowed to join a predatory expedition to Mandara, (the furthest south which was penetrated,) in which Boo-Khaloom was conjoined with Barca Gana.

"Chiefs in this part of Africa are accompanied by as many personal followers as they think proper to maintain, both as horse and foot-men: some of them form the band, if I may so call it. Barca Gana had five mounted, who kept close behind him, three of whom carried a sort of drum, which hung round their necks, and beat time while they sang extempore songs: one carried a small pipe made of a reed, and the other blew, on a buffalo's horn, loud and deep-toned blasts, as we moved through the wood: but by far the most entertaining and useful were the running footmen, who preceded the kashella, and acted as pioneers; they were twelve in number, and carried long, forked poles, with which they, with great dexterity, kept back the branches, as they moved on at a quick pace, constantly keeping open a path, which would without them really have been scarcely passable; they, besides this, were constantly crying aloud something about the road, or the expedition, as they went on. For example: 'Take care of the holes!—avoid the branches!—Here is the road!—take care of the tulloh!—its branches are like spears—worse than spears! Keep off the branches!' 'For whom?' 'Barca Gana.'—'Who in battle is like rolling of thunder?' 'Barca Gana!'—'Now for Mandara!—now for the Kerdies!—now for the battle of spears!—Who is our leader?' 'Barca Gana.'—'Here is the wadey, but no water.'—'God be praised!'—'In battle, who spreads terror around him, like a buffalo in his rage?' 'Barca Gana.'"

"The band also sang some extempore verses on my joining them, of which the following is nearly a literal translation, and delighted their chief excessively:

Christian man he come.
Friend of us and sheikhoh;
White man, when he hear my song,
*We new tobe give me.

"This sort of question and answer, at once useful and exhilarating, is constantly kept up until the time of halting."

Before reaching Mora, the force amounted to "upwards of 3000 strong, all on foot, with the exception of about 80 Arabs on foot. We continued to approach a noble chain of hills, which were now full in our view, of considerable height and extent, with numerous trees growing on their steep and rugged sides. Below, the first town we arrived at in Mandara, formerly the residence of the sultan, containing at least 10,000 inhabitants, has springs of beautiful fresh water; and in the valleys fig-trees; and trees which bore a white flower resembling the zeringa, possessing a grateful odour, were plentiful.

"At about a mile from this town, we saw before us the Sultan of Mandara, surrounded by about 500 horsemen, posted on a rising ground ready to receive us, when Barca Gana instantly commanded a halt. Different parties now charged up to the front of our line, and wheeling suddenly round, charged back again to the sultan. These people were finely dressed in Soudan tobes of different colours; dark blue, and striped with yellow and red; bornouses of coarse scarlet cloth; with large tubans of white or dark-coloured cotton. Their horses were really beautiful, larger and more powerful than any thing found in Bornou, and they managed them with great skill. The sultan's guard was composed of 30 of his sons, all mounted on very superior horses, clothed in striped silk tobes; and the skin of the tiger-cat and leopard forming their shabraks, which hung fully over their horses' haunches. After these had returned to their station in front of the sultan, we approached at full speed in our turn, halting with the guard between us and the royal presence. The parley then commenced, and the object of Boo-Khaloom's visit having been explained, we retired again to the place we had left; while the sultan returned to the town, preceded by several men blowing long pipes, not unlike clarionets, ornamented with shells, and two immense trumpets from twelve to fourteen feet long, borne by men on horseback, made of pieces of hollow wood, with a brass mouth-piece, the sounds of which were not unpleasant.

"The parley was carried on in the Mandara language, by means of an interpreter; and I understood that we were to visit the sultan in the course of the day, and hear his determination.

"Boo-Khaloom was, as usual, very sanguine; he said, 'He should make the sultan handsome presents, and that he was quite sure a Kirdy* town full of people would be given him to plunder.' The Arabs were all eagerness; they eyed the Kirdy huts, which were now visible on the sides of mountains before us, with longing eyes; and contrasting their own ragged and almost naked state with the appearance of the Sultan of Mandara's people in their silk tobes, not only thought, but said, 'If Boo-Khaloom pleased, they would go no further; this would do.' Boo-Khaloom and the Arab sheikhs had repeatedly exclaimed, when urging El Kanemy to send them to some country for slaves, 'Never mind their numbers! arrows are nothing! and

Christian man all white,
And dollars white have he;
Kanourie like him come,
Black man's friend to be.
See Felatsh, how he run;
Barca Gana shake his spear:
White man carry two-mouthed gun,
That's what make Felatsh fear."

* A general term for unbelievers.

ten thousand spears are of no importance. We have guns! guns!" exclaiming, with their favourite imprecations, '*Nakalou-e-kelab fessaa*,' (We'll eat them, the dogs, quickly)—'*eich nu, abeed ocul*,' (what! why, they are negroes all!) I fancied I could see the keen features of El Kanemy curl at these contemptuous expressions, which equally applied to his own people; and certainly nothing could be more galling than for him to hear them from such a handful of Arabs: his own people were *abeed ocul*, and their only arms spears and arrows, and this he could not but feel and remember.

"Towards the evening Barca Gana sent to desire me to mount, for the purpose of visiting the sultan. We entered the town, Boo-Khaloom and myself riding on his right and left; and at the farther end of a large square was the sultan's palace. As is usual on approaching or visiting a great man, we galloped up to the skiffa at full speed, almost entering the gates. This is a perilous sort of salutation, but nothing must stop you; and it is seldom made except at the expense of one or more lives. On this occasion, a man and horse, which stood in our way, were ridden over in an instant, the horse's leg broke, and the man killed on the spot. The trumpets sounded as we dismounted at the palace gate; our pouches, or outward slippers, were quickly pulled off; and we proceeded through a wide skiffa, or entrance, into a large court, where, under a dark blue tent of Soudan, sat the sultan, on a mud bench, covered however with a handsome carpet and silk pillows: he was surrounded by about 200 persons, all handsomely dressed in robes of silk and coloured cotton, with his five eunuchs; the principal men of the country sitting in front, but all with their backs turned towards him. The manner of saluting is curious: Barca Gana, as the sheikh's representative, approached to a space in front of the eunuchs, his eyes fixed on the ground; he then sat down, with his eyes still fixed on the earth, with his back to the sultan, and, clapping his hands together, exclaimed, '*Enguborou dagah*! (May you live for ever!)—*Allah kiara*! (God send you a happy old age!)—*La, lai, barca, barca*! (How is it with you? blessing, blessing!)" These words were repeated nearly by the sultan, and then sung out by all the court. The fatah was then said, and they proceeded to business. Boo-Khaloom produced some presents, which were carried off by the eunuchs unopened; the sultan then expressed his wish to serve him; said he would consider his request, and in a day or two give him his decision.

"The sultan, whose name was Mohamed Backer, was an intelligent little man, of about fifty, with a beard dyed of a most beautiful sky blue; he had been eyeing me for some time, as I sat between Boo-Khaloom and Barca Gana, and first asking Boo-Khaloom his name, inquired who I was? The answer that I was a native of a very distant and powerful nation, friends of the bashaw of Tripoli and the sheikh, who came to see the country, did not appear much to surprise him; and he looked gracious as he said, 'But what does he want to see?' A fatal question however followed, and the answer appeared to petrify the whole assembly:—'Are they Moslem?' '*La! la!* (No! no!)" Every eye, which had before been turned towards me, was now hastily withdrawn, and, looking round, I really felt myself in a critical situation. 'Has the great bashaw Kafir friends?' said the sultan. The explanation which followed was of little use: they knew no distinctions; Christians they had merely heard of as the worst of people in the

world, and, probably until they saw us, scarcely believed them to be human. We shortly after returned to our camp; and I never afterwards was invited to enter the Sultan of Mandara's presence."

After the usual intrigues and endeavours to outwit each other, at length an attack upon the natives on the hills was resolved on, and the following highly interesting narrative tells the result.

"Two hours after noon we commenced our march through a beautiful valley to the east of Mora, winding round the hills which overhang the town, and penetrating into the heart of the mass of mountains nearly to the south of it. About sunset we halted in a very picturesque spot, called Hairey, surrounded by a superb amphitheatre of hills. Barca Gana's tent was pitched under the shade of one side of an immense tree called gubherah, much resembling a fig-tree, although wanting its delicious fruit; and the remnants of my tent, which had been mended by his people, and now stood about three feet from the ground, were placed on the opposite side. The trunks of these trees commonly measure ten and twelve yards in circumference near the root, and I have seen them covering more than half an acre of ground with their wide-spreading branches.

"Soon after our arrival the sultan's trumpets announced his approach, and he took up his station at no great distance, under a tree of the same kind: he never used a tent, but slept in an open space, surrounded by his eunuchs. At Hairey are the remains of a Mandara town, long since destroyed by the Felatahs; parts of the mud walls were still standing, and under shelter of these the troops bivouacked. The scorpions, however, made their appearance in the course of the night in great numbers, and several men were stung by them: on hearing the disturbance, and learning the cause, I called my negro, and, striking a light, we killed three in my tent; one of them was full six inches in length, of the black kind, exactly resembling those I had seen in Tripoli.

"In consequence of Boo-Khaloom's illness, it was after daylight when we broke up from our encampment, and probably the mountain scenery by which we were surrounded could scarcely be exceeded in beauty and richness. On all sides the apparently interminable chain of hills closed upon our view: in rugged magnificence and gigantic grandeur, though not to be compared with the Higher Alps, the Apennines, the Jura, or even the Sierra Morena, in magnitude, yet by none of these were they surpassed in picturesque interest. The lofty peaks of Vahmy, Savah, Joggiday, Munday, Vayah, Moyung, and Memay, with clustering villages on their stony sides, appeared to the east and west of us; while Horza, exceeding any of her sister hills in height as well as in beauty, appeared before us to the south, with its chasm or break through which we were to pass; and the winding rugged path we were about to tread was discernible in the distance. The valley in which I stood had an elevation superior to that of any part of the kingdom of Bornou, for we had gradually ascended ever since quitting Kouka; it was in shape resembling a large pentagon, and conveyed strongly the idea of its having been the bed or basin of some ancient lake, for the disappearance of which, all hypothesis would be vain and useless. There were the marks of many outlets, some long and narrow fissures, through which the waters might have broken; the channel by which we had entered appearing most likely to have carried off its contents.

"On proceeding through the pass of Horza, where the ascent continued, its perpendicular sides exceeding two thousand five hundred feet in height, hung over our heads with a projection almost frightful; the width of the valley did not exceed five hundred yards, and the salient and re-entering angles so perfectly corresponded, that one could almost imagine, if a similar convulsion of nature to that which separated were to bring its sides again together, they would unite and leave no traces of their ever having been disjoined.

"It was long after mid-day when we came to the mountain-stream called Mikwa, and it afforded an indescribable relief to our almost famished horses and ourselves: the road, after quitting the Horza pass, had been through an extensive and thickly-planted valley, where the tree gubherah, the tamarind, a gigantic wild fig, and the mango (called by the Mandaras *ungerengerah*, and *comonah* by the Bornouese), flourished in great numbers and beauty. This was the first spot I had seen in Africa where nature seemed at all to have revelled in giving life to the vegetable kingdom; the leaves presented a bright luxuriant verdure, and flowers, from a profusion of climbing parasitical plants, winding round the trunks of the trees, left the imagination in doubt as to which of them the fair aromatic blossoms that perfumed the air were indebted for their nourishment. The ground had frequent irregularities; and broken masses of granite, ten and twelve feet in height, were lying in several places, but nearly obscured by the thick underwood growing round them, and by the trees which had sprung up out of their crevices. The nearest part of the hills to which these blocks could have originally belonged, was distant nearly two miles.

"When the animals had drunk, we again moved on, and after eighteen miles of equally verdant country, more thickly wooded, we came after sunset to another stream, near some low hills, called Makkeray, where we were to halt for a few hours to refresh, and then move again, so as to commence an attack on the Felatahs, who were said to be only about sixteen miles distant, with the morning sun.

"Our supper this night, which indeed was also our breakfast, consisted of a little parched corn pounded and mixed with water, the only food we had seen since leaving Mora. Nothing could look more like fighting than the preparations of these Bornou warriors, although nothing could well be more unlike it than the proof they gave on the morrow. The closely-linked iron jackets of the chiefs were all put on, and the sound of their clumsy and ill-shapen hammers, heard at intervals during the night, told the employment of the greater part of their followers.

"About midnight the signal was given to advance. The moon, which was in her third quarter, afforded us a clear and beautiful light, while we moved on silently, and in good order, the Sultan of Mandara's force marching in parallel columns to our own, and on our right. At dawn the whole army halted to sully: my own faith also taught me a morning prayer, as well as that of a Musselman, though but too often neglected.

"As the day broke on the morning of the 28th of April, a most interesting scene presented itself. The Sultan of Mandara was close on our flank, mounted on a very beautiful cream-coloured horse, with several large red marks about him, and followed by his six favourite eunuchs, and thirty of his sons, all being finely dressed, and mounted on really

superb horses; besides which, they had each from five to six others, led by as many negroes; the sultan had least twelve. Barca Gana's people all wore their red scarfs, or bornouses, over their steel jackets; and the whole had a very fine effect. I took my position at his right hand, and at a spot called Duggur we entered a very thick wood, in two columns, at the end of which it was said we were to find the enemy.

"During the latter part of the night, while riding on in front with Maramy, the sheikh's negro, who had accompanied me from Kouka, and who appeared to attach himself more closely to me as we approached danger, we had started several animals of the leopard species, who ran from us so swiftly, twisting their long tails in the air, as to prevent our getting near them. We, however, now started one of a larger kind, which Maramy assured me was so satiated with the blood of a negro, whose carcass we found lying in the wood, that he would be easily killed. I rode up to the spot just as a Shouaa had planted the first spear in him, which passed through the neck, a little above the shoulder, and came down between the animal's legs; he rolled over, broke the spear, and bounded off with the lower half in his body. Another Shouaa galloped up within two arms' length, and thrust a second through his loins; and the savage animal, with a woful howl, was in the act of springing on his pursuer, when an Arab shot him through the head with a ball, which killed him on the spot. It was a male panther (zazerna), of a very large size, and measured, from the point of the tail to the nose, eight feet two inches; the skin was yellow, and beautifully marked with orbicular spots on the upper part of the body, while underneath, and at the throat, the spots were oblong and irregular, intermixed with white. These animals are found in great numbers in the woods bordering on Mandara: there are also leopards, the skins of which I saw, but not in great numbers. The panthers are as insidious as they are cruel; they will not attack any thing that is likely to make resistance; but have been known to watch a child for hours, while near the protection of huts or people. It will often spring on a grown person, male or female, while carrying a burden, but always from behind: the flesh of a child or of a young kid it will sometimes devour, but when any full-grown animal falls a prey to its ferocity, it sucks the blood alone.

"A range of minor hills, of more recent formation than the granite chain from which they emanate (which I cannot but suppose to form a part of El Gibel Gumhr, or Mountains of the Moon), approaches quite to the skirts of the extensive wood through which we were passing; and numerous deep ravines, and dry water-courses, rendered the passage tedious and difficult. On emerging from the wood, the large Felatah town of Dirakulla was perceivable, and the Arabs were formed in front, headed by Boo-Khaloom: they were flanked on each side by a large body of cavalry; and, as they moved on, shouting the Arab war-cry, which is very inspiring, I thought I could perceive a smile pass between Barca Gana and his chiefs, at Boo-Khaloom's expense. Dirakulla was quickly burnt, and another smaller town near it; and the few inhabitants that were found in them, who were chiefly infants, and aged persons unable to escape, were put to death without mercy, or thrown into the flames.

"We now came to a third town, in a situation capable of being defended against assailants ten times as numerous as the besieged: this town

was called Musfeia. It was built on a rising ground between two low hills at the base of others, forming part of the mass of the Mandara mountains: a dry wadey extended along the front; beyond the wadey a swamp; between this and the wood the road was crossed by a deep ravine, which was not passable for more than two or three horses at a time. The Felatahs had carried a very strong fence of palisades, well pointed, and fastened together with thongs of raw hide, six feet in height, from one hill to the other, and had placed their bowmen behind the palisades, and on the rising ground, with the wadey before them; their horse were all under cover of the hills and the town:—this was a strong position. The Arabs, however, moved on with great gallantry, without any support or co-operation from the Bornou or Mandara troops, and notwithstanding the showers of arrows, some poisoned, which were poured on them from behind the palisades, Boo-Khaloom, with his handful of Arabs, carried them in about half an hour, and dashed on, driving the Felatahs up the sides of the hills. The women were every where seen supplying their protectors with fresh arrows during this struggle; and when they retreated to the hills, still shooting on their pursuers, the women assisted by rolling down huge masses of the rock, previously undermined for the purpose, which killed several of the Arabs, and wounded others. Barca Gana, and about one hundred of the Bornou spearmen, now supported Boo-Khaloom, and pierced through and through some fifty unfortunates who were left wounded near the stakes. I rode by his side as he pushed on quite into the town, and a very desperate skirmish took place between Barca Gana's people and a small body of the Felatahs. These warriors throw the spear with great dexterity; and three times I saw the man transfixed to the earth who was dismounted for the purpose of firing the town, and as often were those who rushed forward for that purpose sacrificed for their temerity by the Felatahs. Barca Gana, whose muscular arm was almost gigantic, threw eight spears, which all told, some of them at a distance of thirty or thirty-five yards, and one particularly on a Felatah chief, who with his own hand had brought four to the ground.

'Incident lectus.
Ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.'

Had either the Mandara or the sheikh's troops now moved up boldly, notwithstanding the defence these people made, and the reinforcements which shewed themselves to the southwest, they must have carried the town with the heights overlooking it, along which the Arabs were driving the Felatahs by the terror their miserable guns excited; but, instead of this, they still kept on the other side of the wadey, out of reach of the arrows.

"The Felatahs seeing their backwardness, now made an attack in their turn: the arrows fell so thick that there was no standing against them, and the Arabs gave way. The Felatah horse now came on; and had not the little band round Barca Gana, and Boo-Khaloom, with a few of his mounted Arabs, given them a very spirited check, not one of us would probably have lived to see the following day: as it was, Barca Gana had three horses hit under him, two of which died almost immediately, the arrows being poisoned, and poor Boo-Khaloom's horse and himself received their death-wounds by arrows of the same description. My horse was badly wounded in the neck, just above the shoulder, and in the near hind leg: an arrow had struck me in the face as it passed, merely

drawing the blood, and I had two sticking in my bornouse. The Arabs had suffered terribly; most of them had two or three wounds, and one dropped near me with five sticking in his head alone: two of Boo-Khaloom's slaves were killed also near his person.

"No sooner did the Mandara and Bornou troops see the defeat of the Arabs, than they, one and all, took to flight in the most dastardly manner, without having once been exposed to the arrows of the enemy, and in the utmost confusion. The Sultan of Mandara led the way, who was prepared to take advantage of whatever plunder the success of the Arabs might throw in his way; but no less determined to leave the field the moment the fortune of the day appeared to be against them.

"I now for the first time, as I saw Barca Gana on a fresh horse, lamented my own folly in so exposing myself, badly prepared as I was for accidents. If either of my horse's wounds were from poisoned arrows, I felt that nothing could save me: however there was not much time for reflection; we instantly became a flying mass, and plunged, in the greatest disorder, into that wood we had but a few hours before moved through with order, and very different feelings. I had got a little to the westward of Barca Gana, in the confusion which took place on our passing the ravine which had been left just in our rear, and where upwards of one hundred of the Bornou were speared by the Felatahs, and was following at a round gallop the steps of one of the Mandara eunuchs, who, I observed, kept a good look out, his head being constantly turned over his left shoulder, with a face expressive of the greatest dismay—when the cries behind, of the Felatah horse pursuing, made us both quicken our paces. The spur, however, had the effect of incapacitating my best altogether, as the arrow, I found afterwards, had reached the shoulder-bone, and, in passing over some rough ground, he stumbled and fell. Almost before I was on my legs, the Felatahs were upon me; I had, however, kept hold of the bridle, and seizing a pistol from the holsters, I presented it at two of these ferocious savages, who were pressing me with their spears: they instantly went off; but another who came on me more boldly, just as I was endeavouring to mount, received the contents somewhere in his left shoulder; and again I was enabled to place my foot in the stirrup. Remounted, I again pushed my retreat; I had not, however, proceeded many hundred yards, when my horse again came down, with such violence as to throw me against a tree at a considerable distance; and alarmed at the horses behind him, he quickly got up and escaped, leaving me on foot and unarmed.

"The eunuch and his four followers were here butchered, after a very slight resistance, and stripped within a few yards of me: their cries were dreadful; and even now the feelings of that moment are fresh in my memory: my hopes of life were too faint to deserve the name. I was almost instantly surrounded, and, incapable of making the least resistance, as I was unarmed, was as speedily stripped, and whilst attempting first to save my shirt, and then my trowsers, I was thrown on the ground. My pursuers made several thrusts at me with their spears, that badly wounded my hands in two places, and slightly my body, just under my ribs on the right side: indeed, I saw nothing before me but the same cruel death I had seen unmercifully inflicted on the few who had fallen into the power of those who now had possession of me; and they were alone prevented from murdering me, in the first instance,

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I am persuaded, by the fear of injuring the value of my clothes, which appeared to them a rich booty—but it was otherwise ordained.

"My shirt was now absolutely torn off my back, and I was left perfectly naked. When my plunderers began to quarrel for the spoil, the idea of escape came like lightning across my mind, and, without a moment's hesitation or reflection, I crept under the belly of the horse nearest me, and started as fast as my legs could carry me for the thickest part of the wood; two of the Felatahs followed, and I ran on to the eastward, knowing that our stragglers would be in that direction, but still almost as much afraid of friends as foes. My pursuers gained on me, for the prickly underwood not only obstructed my passage, but tore my flesh miserably; and the delight with which I saw a mountain-stream gliding along at the bottom of a deep ravine cannot be imagined. My strength had almost left me, and I seized the young branches issuing from the stump of a large tree which overhung the ravine, for the purpose of letting myself down into the water, as the sides were precipitous, when, under my hand, as the branch yielded to the weight of my body, a large liffa, the worst kind of serpent this country produces, rose from its coil, as if in the very act of striking. I was horror-struck, and deprived for a moment of all recollection—the branch slipped from my hand, and I tumbled headlong into the water beneath; this shock, however, revived me; and with three strokes of my arms I reached the opposite bank, which, with difficulty, I crawled up; and then, for the first time, felt myself safe from my pursuers.

"Scarcely had I audibly congratulated myself on my escape, when the forlorn and wretched situation in which I was, without even a rag to cover me, flashed with all its force upon my imagination. I was perfectly collected, though fully alive to all the danger to which my state exposed me, and had already begun to plan my night's rest, in the top of one of the tamarind-trees, in order to escape the panthers which, as I had seen, abounded in these woods—when the idea of the liffas, almost as numerous, and equally to be dreaded, excited a shudder of despair.

"I now saw horsemen through the trees, still farther to the east, and determined on reaching them, if possible, whether friends or enemies; and the feelings of gratitude and joy with which I recognised Barca Gana and Boo-Khaloom, with about six Arabs, although they also were pressed closely by a party of the Felatahs, was beyond description. The guns and pistols of the Arab sheikhs kept the Felatahs in check, and assisted in some measure the retreat of the footmen. I hailed them with all my might; but the noise and confusion which prevailed, from the cries of those who were falling under the Felatah spears, the cheers of the Arabs rallying and their enemies pursuing, would have drowned all attempts to make myself heard, had not Maramy, the sheikh's negro, seen and known me at a distance. To this man I was indebted for my second escape; riding up to me, he assisted me to mount behind him, while the arrows whistled over our heads, and we then galloped off to the rear as fast as his wounded horse could carry us: after we had gone a mile or two, and the pursuit had something cooled, in consequence of all the baggage having been abandoned to the enemy, Boo-Khaloom rode up to me, and desired one of the Arabs to cover me with a bournouse. This was a most welcome relief, for the burning sun had already begun to blister

my neck and back, and gave me the greatest pain. Shortly after, the effects of the poisoned wound in his foot caused our excellent friend to breathe his last: Maramy exclaimed, 'Look, look! Boo-Khaloom is dead!' I turned my head, almost as great an exertion as I was capable of, and saw him drop from the horse into the arms of his favourite Arab—he never spoke after. They said he had only swooned; there was no water, however, to revive him; and about an hour after, when we came to Makkeray, he was past the reach of restoratives.

"About the time Boo-Khaloom dropped, Barca Gana ordered a slave to bring me a horse, from which he had just dismounted, being the third that had been wounded under him in the course of the day; his wound was in the chest. Maramy cried, 'Sidi rais! do not mount him; he will die!' In a moment, for only a moment was given me, I decided on remaining with Maramy. Two Arabs, panting with fatigue, then seized the bridle, mounted, and pressed their retreat: in less than half an hour he fell to rise no more, and both the Arabs were butchered before they could recover themselves. Had we not now arrived at the water as we did, I do not think it possible that I could have supported the thirst by which I was consuming. I tried several times to speak, in reply to Maramy's directions to hold tight, when we came to breaks or inequalities in the ground; but it was impossible; and a painful straining at the stomach and throat was the only effect produced by the effort.

"On coming to the stream, the horses, with blood gushing from their nostrils, rushed into the shallow water, and, letting myself down from behind Maramy, I knelt down amongst them, and seemed to imbibe new life by the copious draughts of the muddy beverage which I swallowed. Of what followed I have no recollection: Maramy told me afterwards that I staggered across the stream, which was not above my hips, and fell down at the foot of a tree on the other side. About a quarter of an hour's halt took place here for the benefit of stragglers, and to tie poor Boo-Khaloom's body on a horse's back, at the end of which Maramy awoke me from a deep sleep, and I found my strength wonderfully increased: not so, however, our horse, for he had become stiff, and could scarcely move. As I learnt afterwards, a conversation had taken place about me, while I slept, which rendered my obligations to Maramy still greater. He had reported to Barca Gana the state of his horse, and the impossibility of carrying me on; when the chief, irritated by his losses and defeat, as well as at my having refused his horse, by which means, he said, it had come by its death, replied, 'Then leave him behind. By the head of the Prophet! believers enough have breathed their last to-day. What is there extraordinary in a Christian's death? Raas il Nibbe-Salaam Yassarai il le mated el Yeom ash min giel l'can e mut Nesserani Wahad.' My old antagonist, Malem Chadili, replied, 'No; God has preserved him; let us not forsake him!' Maramy returned to the tree, and said 'his heart told him what to do.' He awoke me, assisted me to mount, and we moved on as before, but with tottering steps and less speed. The effect produced on the horses that were wounded by poisoned arrows was extraordinary: immediately after drinking they dropped, and instantly died, the blood gushing from their nose, mouth, and ears. More than thirty horses were lost at this spot from the effects of the poison.

"In this way we continued our retreat, and

it was after midnight when we halted in the Sultan of Mandara's territory. Riding more than forty-five miles, in such an unprovided state, on the bare back of a lean horse, the powerful consequences may be imagined. I was in a deplorable state the whole night; and notwithstanding the irritation of the flesh-wounds was augmented by the woollen covering the Arab had thrown over me, teeming as it was with vermin, it was evening the next day before I could get a shirt, when one man, who had two, both of which he had worn eight or ten days at least, gave me one, on a promise of getting a new one at Kouka. Barca Gana, who had no tent but the one he had left behind him with his women at Mora, on our advance, could offer me no shelter; and he was besides so ill, or chagrined, as to remain invisible the whole day. I could scarcely turn from one side to the other, but still, except at intervals when my friend Maramy supplied me with a drink made from parched corn, bruised, and steeped in water, a grateful beverage, I slept under a tree nearly the whole night and day of the 29th. Towards the evening I was exceedingly disordered and ill, and had a pleasing proof of the kind-heartedness of a Bornouese.

"Mai Meegany, the dethroned sultan of a country to the south-west of Agnornou, and now subject to the sheikh, took me by the hand as I had crawled out of my nest for a few minutes, and with many exclamations of sorrow, and a countenance full of commiseration, led me to his leather tent, and, sitting down quickly, disrobed himself of his trowsers, insisting I should put them on. Really, no act of charity could exceed this! I was exceedingly affected at so unexpected a friend, for I had scarcely seen, or spoken three words to him; but not so much so as himself, when I refused to accept of them: he shed tears in abundance; and thinking, which was the fact, that I conceived he had offered the only ones he had, immediately called a slave, whom he stripped of those necessary appendages to a man's dress, according to our ideas, and putting them on himself, insisted again on my taking those he had first offered me. I accepted this offer, and thanked him with a full heart; and Meegany was my great friend from that moment until I quitted the sheikh's dominions.

"We found that forty-five of the Arabs were killed, and nearly all wounded; their camels, and every thing they possessed, lost. Some of them had been unable to keep up on the retreat, but had huddled together in threes and fours during the night, and by shewing resistance, and pointing their guns, had driven the Felatahs off. Their wounds were some of them exceedingly severe, and several died during the day and night of the 29th; their bodies, as well as poor Boo-Khaloom's, becoming instantly swollen and black; and sometimes, immediately after death, blood issuing from the nose and mouth, which the Bornou people declared to be in consequence of the arrows having been poisoned. The surviving Arabs, who had now lost all their former arrogance and boasting, humbly entreated Barca Gana to supply them with a little corn, to save them from starving. The Sultan of Mandara behaved to them unkindly, though not worse than they deserved, refused all manner of supplies, and kept Boo-Khaloom's saddle, horse-trappings, and the clothes in which he died. He also began making preparations for defending himself against the Felatahs, who, he feared, might pay him a visit; and on the morning of the 30th April we left Mora, heartily wishing them success should they make the attempt.

"Boo-Khaloom's imprudence in having suffered himself to be persuaded to attack the Felatahs, became now apparent, as although, in case of his overcoming them, he might have appropriated to himself all the slaves, both male and female, that he found amongst them; yet the Felatahs themselves were Moslem, and he could not have made them slaves. He was, however, most likely deceived by promises of a Kerdy country to plunder, in the event of his success against these powerful people, alike the dreaded enemies of the sheikh and the Sultan of Mandara.

"My wounded horse, which had been caught towards the evening of the fight by the Shouaas, and brought to me, was in too bad a state for me to mount, and Barca Gana procured me another. My pistols had been stolen from the holsters; but, fortunately, my saddle and bridle, though broken, remained. Thus ended our most unsuccessful expedition; it had, however, injustice and oppression for its basis, and who can regret its failure?

"We returned with great expedition, considering the wretched state we were in. On the sixth day after our departure from Mora, we arrived in Kouka, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles: the wounded Arabs remained behind, being unable to keep up with the chief, and did not arrive until four days after us. I suffered much, both in mind and body, but complained not; indeed all complaint would have been ill-timed, where few were enduring less than myself. My black servant had lost mule, canteen, and every thing, principally from keeping too near me in the action; and, by his obeying implicitly the strict orders I had given him not to fire on the Felatahs, he had narrowly escaped with his life. Bruised and lame, he could render me no assistance, and usually came in some hours after we had halted on our resting-ground. In the mid-day halts, I usually crept under Mai Meegamy's tent; but at night I laid me down on the ground, close to that of Barca Gana, in order that my horse might get a feed of corn. I always fell into a sound sleep at night, as soon as I lay down, after drinking Maramy's beverage, who had supplied me with a little bag of parched corn, which he had procured at Mora; and about midnight a slave of the chief, whose name was, most singularly, like my own, Denhamah, always awoke me, to eat some gussuh, paste, and fat, mixed with a green herb called *meloheiah* in Arabic. This was thrust out from under Barca Gana's tent, and consisted generally of his leavings; pride was sometimes nearly choking me, but hunger was the paramount feeling: I smothered the former, ate, and was thankful. It was in reality a great kindness; for besides myself and the chief, not one, I believe, in the remnant of our army, tasted any thing but *engagy*, parched corn and cold water, during the whole six days of our march. On the night of the 4th of May we arrived at Angornon.

"The extreme kindness of the sheikh, however, was some consolation to me, after all my sufferings. He said, in a letter to Barca Gana, 'That he should have grieved had any thing serious happened to me; that my escape was providential, and a proof of God's protection; and that my head was saved for good purposes.' He also sent me some linen he had procured from our huts at Kouka, and a dress of the country; and the interest taken by their governor in the fate of such a kaffir, as they thought me, increased exceedingly the respect of his servants towards me. The next morning we arrived at the capital."

The Seven First [First Seven] Cantos of the Messiah; a Poem, by F. T. Klopstock. Translated into English blank verse. Anonymous. 8vo. pp. 313. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

THE *Messias* of the German poet Klopstock, high as it stands in the estimation of his country, is very imperfectly known to this: nay, we may say that it is worse than imperfectly known; for the more it is known, in the sense of general circulation, the less it must be appreciated, since it comes to the English reader in a guise which, to those really acquainted with the poem, might bear almost an appearance of intended degradation.

The enthusiasm it excited in Germany—the fame it reflected on its author—the honours paid him at his funeral—resembling those paid to Raffaele at Rome!—ought, in every candid mind, to produce something like conviction that it must possess superior merit—unless a whole country, and one which has not been deficient in the cultivation of letters, is to be considered as peopled by fools.

But Klopstock has, in England, met with that barrier to popularity with which mankind are least willing to part, as it seems to oppose itself to a prejudice founded on the last, rotten basis which the tenacious allow to be removed, and in defence of which they will risk more than its value—the prejudice of ignorance. Ask an Englishman who thinks himself a proficient in the German language, if he has read the *Messias*? "O yes, I attempted it." "And how did you like it?" "O, I could not bear it; I threw it aside, determined never to look at it again." "Indeed! what disgusted you?" "It is so confoundedly difficult." "*Eh bien, nous sommes d'accord.*" This is fact, and so is this—"Only conceive," said an English clergyman to a third person when he had heard it commended—"only conceive, a German poem of twenty books in hexameters!" A shrug, as condemning as gesture can be, says all that is necessary to make an advocate, who only requests a patient judgment, feel himself beaten down.

But now, to dismiss what we wish to premise respecting the original, let a sounder criticism be heard. That the language is "confoundedly difficult" is the fault of the builders of Babel originally, and, *quoad* the present generation, the fault of those who choose to remain in ignorance. The difficulties of language are not insuperable: but we confess that to conquer them requires patience; and that to make the success of patience applicable, extension of thought, if we may be allowed the expression, is necessary. The knowledge contained in grammars and dictionaries alone will never render exalted subjects intelligible to the student: if he bring not something of his own,—in vain all plodding; it is the endeavour to sharpen an axe by hewing an oak—the mind, like the axe, rebounds from its task blunted. "You find Pindar very difficult, do you?" said an accomplished Grecian to a young scholar. "Y—e—s; but I begin to think—indeed I am convinced, that it is not worth the trouble to endeavour to understand him, with his *Hiero* and his chariots and horses!" It was to no purpose to argue. The youth saw not the connexion between heroic virtues and the Olympic games—he saw not, that to be the victor in a question of chariots and horses, was to be a victor over fallen nature.—Then again, the hexameters! what can get over the moral turpitude of writing in hexameters? It is an unpardonable crime in a German; it was none in Greece or Rome. In

England it would be a ludicrous adoption, and has been proved so; but let us make an abatement for desuetude, and let us recollect how some of our admired poetry may appear to the critics of other countries.

With the difficulties of the language and the species of metre, we have, however, in the present instance, no concern. We have only to speak of the *Messias* of Klopstock as brought within the reach of English readers; and of its importance to them, it is not too much to say, that those who treat it lightly are not well advised, and that those who are candidly disposed, will be repaid for their better frame of mind. The most enthusiastic admirer of the poem deserves no credit with the judicious, if he cannot see its faults; it is exuberant in parts, and, as has been well observed, there is too great a mixture of human feeling in it. A comparison with the *Paradise Lost* must present itself to the mind of the reader, and the resemblances are too strong to leave the palm of originality with the German: but there is originality enough to satisfy any one; and there are passages which, on the authority of no mean poet, we may question but not deny surpass in sublimity—and in that luminous presentation to the mind which makes the object almost visible—any thing to be found in our once neglected, but now boasted Milton.

But, beyond this, the *Messias* of Klopstock has a claim to attention which the admirers of Milton never make for the *Paradise Lost*. We read our poet with a high sense of the subject and of the manner of treating it; the pathetic parts draw our affections to the sufferers in Eden, and we feel comforted by the visionary consolation—but of the *Messias* we may say, and defy contradiction, that its power over the pious mind is far greater. All that Religion can do to shew that it is the interest of mankind to hold fast by its doctrines, is most energetically, most persuasively, most beautifully enforced by it; it may be used with the Scriptures as the *vade-mecum* to a life of eternal duration; and the Christian who dies with it under his pillow leaves consoling hope to those who are to follow him.

It remains to remark, that it is admirably translated.

If a specimen is necessary to the forming of a judgment, we must comply; and, to prove the absence of all wish to select in support of our favourable opinion, we will give the opening of the poem.

"Oh! sing, immortal Soul, the glorious theme
Of sinful Man's Redemption! That great work
On earth accomplish'd by th' Incarnate God,
Whose suff'ring, death, and resurrection, raised
The fallen sons of Adam to the love
Of his Almighty Father. Such the will
Of the Most High. In vain did Satan strive
Against the Son of God; Judah in vain
Tumultuous rose against him: he pursued
His gracious purpose, and fulfill'd his work
Of reconciliation. But, oh deed
Of All-merciful Divinity!
May poet's art from distance far and dim
Approach thee? Holy Spirit, before whom
I bow in silent worship, consecrate
The Muse I seek! Bring her inspired by thee.
Fill'd with immortal strength, with rapture's glow,
Bright in celestial beauty! Gird her form
With thine own fire, oh Thou, who while thou view'st
Heav'n's deepest mysteries, yet sanctifiest
The heart of earth-born man for thine abode,
Thy living temple! Purify my heart!
So shall I, though with mortal's trembling voice,
Sing the Redeemer, and, forgiven, trace
With tottering step the fearful path he trod.
Oh ye, who grateful own the glory shed
O'er earth's frail race, when man's Creator deign'd
Become his Saviour, listen to my strain!
Hear me, ye noble few, whose ardent love
Is fix'd on your Redeemer, whose firm souls,
Secure in faith, await the final doom,
Hear me! and, with your lives of piety,
Combine to celebrate th' Eternal Son!

"Near to the sacred City, which had now

In ignorance thrown off the diadem
Of her election, and perversely blind
Herself had desecrated; once a spot
By the Almighty Presence glorified,
The nurse of prophets, now a shrine of blood
By murders shed; near these devoted walls
The Saviour from a multitude withdrew,—
Who worshipped of him indeed, but not with pure,
Heartfelt devotion, such as to the eye
Of an all-seeing God guiltless appears.
Jesus from their unhallo'd gaze retired.
True, palms lay scatter'd round; still rang the shouts
Of their loud-peal'd hosannas; but in vain!
They knew not him whom as their king they hail'd;
Their eyes in blindness were too darkly seal'd
To view the Blessed One of God. In vain
The Father had himself in thunder spoken:
The mighty voice, 'Lo I have glorified
My name, and I will glorify it still!'—
Had vouch'd the presence of the Deity.
But they were steep'd in sin too deep to hear
The words of God, or recognise his voice.
Jesus now sought Jehovah, who in wrath
Withdrew his presence from the sinful crowd,
To whom he spoke in vain."

To this, however, as it is too meagre fairly
to illustrate the poem, we add the fate of
Judas.

"Now 'mid the priests
Stolefaring Doubt, and stamp'd their blanching cheeks
With Fear's pale signet. Meantime tow'rd the crowd
Advanced a gullible wretch, that traitor vile,
The dark betrayer of his Master's life.
When to the bar of Death he found the priests
Had led the Holy One, with hasty pace
He rush'd to Gabbatha, but there in vain,
So closely press'd the furious mob, he strove
To force a passage. Foll'ing, he then return'd
And sought the Temple. Here had Calaphas
Station'd a band of priests to guard the fane
Should upward rise. This Judas knew, and soon
He reach'd the lofty Temple's pillar'd halls,
And cross'd her silent aisles. When first his eye
Caught the mysterious folds which darkly hung
Before the Sanctuary, sudden he turn'd,
Pale grew his cheek, with fear's cold thrill he shook,
While to the priests he cried, (remorse and rage
Sharpening his voice,) 'There, take your silver bag!'
And hur'd it at their feet. 'The blood of him
I have betray'd is blood of innocence!
Now on my head it falls!' He spoke, and roll'd
His glaring eyes; then from the face of man
Frantic he flew, nor stopp'd till far without
Jerusalem's high walls he stood. There first
He paused, again rush'd swiftly on, then stopp'd,
And gazed around in wild affright, to see
If eye of man were there. When he beheld
The place's loneliness, and found his ear
No longer caught the city's distant hum,
He there resolved to die. 'No,' he exclaim'd,
'This wo, this deep, unutterable wo,
Can never after death pierce my soul
With sharper pains than now! Ye torments, rage
While yet ye may! When these faint eyelids close,
When to these deafen'd ears all sounds are dumb,
No more shall I behold his blood,—no more
Will his exsiring voice ring on mine ear!
On Horeb God proclaim'd, 'Thou shalt not kill!'
But he is not my God—I have no God!'
Despair, he thou my sole divinity!
And hark, to death thou bid'st me. I obey!
Die, then, thou lost one! Can I tremble still?
Still with life struggle ere I part with it?
Traitor as I have been, shall I then live,
Branded with everlasting shame? Oh no!
Before me, like a yawning grave, the black,
The hideous thought engulfs my soul,
I have betray'd him. Lo, I die! Stay not,
My struggling soul, to waste in pining wo,
But perish too! O wild spark, which stirs,
As it with immortality, within
My heaving breast, take from my lips thy fate—
To dark annihilation I devote
Thee and myself! With fearful shriek these words
Burst from his lips: his haggard eye-balls glare
Fearfully round, while with Despair's wild tones
Blasphemous imprecations 'gainst Heaven's God
Horribly mingled. His departing steps
Ithuriel and Obaddon had pursued
Invisible, and while Ithuriel stood
Invoking wo with gestures wild and fierce,
Ithuriel cried, 'Behold, the traitor goes:
Self-doom'd, to death! I was his guardian once,
Therefore thus far I've follow'd him. To thee
And vengeance I assign him now;—to thee,
Angel of Death, I solemnly bequeath
His guilty spirit! See, he yonder goes,
Self-offer'd victim! Take him, lead him forth
To that eternal doom, God's awful charge
To thee committed. Lo, I veil my face,
And turn me from the sight!' He spoke and fled.

"And now Ithuriel, on the hill's steep side,
Chose out a place of death: Obaddon saw,
And, soaring to the topmost height, there stood,
Rais'd his right arm, and waved his flaming sword
Aloft tow'rd Heaven, while he pronounced these words,
Which, when man fills his guilt's dark measure up

By self-destruction, the Avenger speaks:
By the Eternal's great and fearful name,
Ithuriel, I adjure thee! Take you son of earth!
His blood be on himself! Day's lightsome beam
He for himself extinguishes. Behold,
Both life and death lay open to his choice,
And he has chosen death! Sun, quench thy rays!
Come, grisly Death! Yawn deep, thou hollow grave!
Seize him, Corruption! Lo, on his own head
His blood shall fall! As some lone traveller,
Lost in the solitary forest's gloom,
Benighted and amazed, from afar
A low, unearthly moan, the whirlwind's voice
Which sweeps the cedars from the distant hills;
So caught Ithuriel's ear the angel's words,
And with Despair's wild frenzy he exclaim'd,
'Too well I know the sound of thy dread voice,
Thou art the dead Messiah's cry! Thou com'st
To seek me, and require thy blood! Behold,
Here, here I am! Suff' glared his haggard eye.
He slew himself. Even Obaddon sprung
With horror back, as stretch'd in death he fell.
Three times th' affrighted soul, sore struggling, heaved
Ere ceased his heart to throb; with the fourth gasp
Triumphant Death, from the expiring corse,
Resistless drove her. O'er the fearful spot
She hover'd yet. Life's subtle principle,
The spring of our existence, undissoved
By Death itself, from the pale corse escaped,
And quick as thought, enveloping the soul,
Clothed her anew with an aerial shape,
That she, with clearer eye, might see th' abyss,
Might hear with finer, more delighted ear
The thunders of her Judge. Yet 'twas a form
Uncouth and shapeless, weak, to pain alone
Susceptible, hideous to human sight.
Now, from Death's stupor roused, reflection wak'd.
'What,' thought the spirit, 'am I, have I been?
How lightly hang I hovering in the air!
What thus surrounds me? No corporeal frame,
And yet, methinks, a shape! How dark my sight!
Who am I? Ah, terrific grow my thoughts,
Wo, endless wo, is mine! Yes, am I not
Judas who died? And what is that bright form
On yonder hill, who hover'd in my sight?
Each moment grows more dreadful! Who is he?
Oh that my eyes in darkness still were seal'd!
But clearer see they yet, and clearer still,
Fearfully clear! Fly, Judas, from his sight,
It is the world's great Judge! Alas, 'tis vain,
I cannot fly. See there my hideous corse!
Close o'er the spot low cowering Judas lung,
'Rise from the ground! Obaddon on the hill
Cried with commanding shout: 'Grovel not there!
I am not earth's great Judge: I am but one
Who do his bidding. Minister of Death,
Obaddon is my name. Now hear thy doom.
Eternal death be thine! Thou hast betray'd
The Saviour of the world; thou hast rebel'd
Against Jehovah, and destroyed thyself.
Therefore He says, whose right hand holds the scale,
Whose left grasps Death, 'There is no weight to poison
No numbers to compute, the throng of woes
Which on the traitor's head shall multiply!
First let him view, suspended on the cross,
The bleeding Saviour! Let him next afar
Behold the blissful mansions of the just!
Then cast him into Hell!' Obaddon ceased.
Blacker with fear the trembling spectre grew,
And follow'd the dread angel's rapid flight."

We regret that the work is anonymous; but
we flatter ourselves that our just commendation
may induce the translator to unveil. We
believe these cantos to be the work of a female.
A letter in reply to one written by us
through the medium of the publishers, is sent
from a distant part of Scotland; and the letter
itself ought to obtain favour: but thus much
we have discovered, and thus much we will in
all gentle defiance betray, that *Miss Joanna
Baillie* forwarded the manuscript.

We have only to entreat, for the sake of
British literature and for the sake of true religion,
that this opportunity of obtaining the
knowledge of a work whose spirit is good-will
to mankind, and whose theme is immortality,
may not be lost. Unencouraged, we are given
to understand, it will not be finished; and,
after this statement, what must be the odium
attaching to lukewarm indifference?

*Mr. Blount's MSS., being Selections from
the Papers of a Man of the World.* By the
Author of "Gilbert Earle." 2 vols. 12mo.
London, 1826. C. Knight.

Few branches on our tree of knowledge have,
in the present age, put forth more vigorously
than its periodical shoots: the most beautiful

poetry, the most entertaining tales, the most
striking pictures, whether of humour or pathos,
are now-a-days to be found in the pages of
periodicals; and few volumes appear of which
some part has not already past the ordeal of
press and public. The advantages of this
system are obvious at once: readers are bene-
fited by the easy and universal dissemination
of amusement and information; while writers
have an excellent opportunity of making them-
selves known under favourable auspices. The
disadvantages are only felt when the volume is
published: the loss on the side of the reader is,
that his curiosity has been gratified, and the most
interesting parts have become familiar to him;—
on the side of the writer the drawbacks are more
extensive: look at some of the most striking
works of the present day; what are they but a
series of pictures (brilliant ones, we allow),
which, when collected in the same volume,
have about as much reference to each other
as the contents of a gallery; the pages, to be
sure, are bound in the same book, as the pic-
tures are hung on the same walls. Mr. Blount
is a kind of Charles Edwards, but with none of
the vivid individuality of that character. The
volume commences with an account of his (as
he says) passionate love for a beautiful Italian
girl, of which the *dénouement* is, after inspir-
ing an attachment "as true as ever warmed
woman's breast," he allows her to depart for
Italy, because he cannot make up his mind to
part with his liberty. In every point of view,
this sketch is out of nature: a young and
ardent lover would never calculatingly resign
the object of his passion to all the miseries of
neglected affections; and a dissipated man of
the world, as Mr. Blount is insinuated to be,
would certainly have compounded for his vic-
tim on easier terms. Many of our readers
will, no doubt, recollect a very finely-written
article in one of the numbers of *The Album*,
entitled "La Divorcée;" it was composed with
all the deep pathos of true and feeling deli-
neation, and here introduced as the history
of Blanch Delvil,—enlarged, but not im-
proved. Those few scenes stand alone in
their touching beauty; but both beginning and
end are very common-place. From among the
many detached pieces, we select the following.

"I was turning the corner the other day,
from Conduit-street into Swallow-street, when
I ran against a person, not particularly well-
dressed, whose face, when I turned to apolo-
gise, I was confident I had seen before, and
yet to which I could not at once assign an
owner. He knew me, however, more readily;
for, with a sudden exclamation of 'Comment,
M. Blount? c'est vous!' he gave me a hearty
English shake with both hands, which mani-
festly would have been a French accolade, had
not the difference of the *locale* impressed upon
my friend the recollection of our insular cus-
toms. With some effort I now recalled to my
memory a certain Baron de Corvillac, whom I
knew at Paris five or six years ago, and whose
wife gave the pleasantest 'petits soupers,' even
in that scene and age of that most agreeable
species of society. I easily guessed that the
Baron was an emigrant; and, from his decayed
appearance, surmised that he was as circum-
scribed in his means as so many of his country-
men who have taken the same step. His gaiety
and vivacity, however, had by no means for-
saken him. He seemed as lively and buoyant
as he used to be when he inhabited one of the
finest hotels in Paris, and when he had every
thing at his beck which wealth and fashion
could command. I found that he had saved
absolutely nothing out of the wreck of the Re-

volution;—nay that, on the contrary, he had had great difficulty in escaping with his life. He now, he told me, gained his bread as a teacher of French, in which pursuit he met with two impediments: the first was his extremely slender proficiency in every language but French; the second, the market being extravagantly overstocked by the number of his countrymen in precisely the same position. I inquired after Madame la Baronne. He said she was quite well, and would be most happy to see me any day I could make it convenient to call at No. — Carnaby-street, Golden-square. I promised to do so shortly; and, shaking hands again, we parted.

"I went yesterday, accordingly, to call upon him and his wife.

"I remember Madame de Corvillac one of the most brilliant women in Paris. Her house was the rendezvous of every thing that was most agreeable and eminent in every line of distinction; and the evenings I passed there are among the best of my recollections of my travels. I was thrown into a society which, probably, I could have met no where else. Ministers of state, ambassadors, men of letters, men of wit and of the world, distinguished for their conversational talents—all congregated at her suppers; and, dissipated as I then was, I was still well able to appreciate and enjoy the advantages of such society. For Madame de Corvillac herself,—she was like many other Frenchwomen of her rank and date—lively, animated, agreeable—with a mind cultivated by intellectual intercourse, and polished by constant mingling with the best company in Europe. She had wit enough to call forth the wit of those who had more than herself, and acquirement enough to taste whatever might arise in consequence. For the rest; she was rather handsome, and exceedingly well dressed; and there was always some one who, in the easy and unquestioned intercourse then prevalent in Paris, had the reputation of being well with her, though without scandal, or any breach of the *bienséances*.

"I had some speculation with myself as to how a person coming from the very hot-bed of so factitious a state of society would appear in a mean lodging, in a back street in London. I figured her to myself, by turns, as grown peevish and slatternly—or *dévoûtée*—or sickly and sinking under adversity; but in each and all of my suppositions I was wrong;—the truth was, certainly, the last hypothesis which would have occurred to me.

"On knocking at the door of a house corresponding with the meanness of its situation, and inquiring for M. de Corvillac, I was told he was out,—but to Madame I was admitted. I first sent up my card, lest she should not recognise me, and I should have the awkwardness of making myself known. On being desired to walk up, I ascended a narrow, dark, and somewhat dirty staircase, to a second floor, which I expected to find in conformity with the approach to it. But no such thing. The room into which I was shewn was certainly not very much crowded with furniture; but what there was was neat of its kind, and scrupulously clean. A cheerful fire shone in the grate; and, above all, the tokens of *habitation*, and habitation by women, were numerous and pleasing. I do not know whether this word would be readily understood; but it would be difficult to explain all that I mean to convey by the term. Books, music, and other evidences of elegant accomplishment, are included in the expression; but, to fill up the outline, the items are so many, so indefinite, and so indescribable,

that I feel it necessary to convey them by some generic phrase; and none better than the above occurs to me at this moment.

"These observations were not all made at the first *coup-d'œil*, for the living figures in the scene naturally attracted my first attention. Madame de Corvillac herself was seated at a small table, drawing—or, at least, with the implements of drawing before her, which she had only just laid down. She was dressed, simply and becomingly, in the English fashion; though, perhaps, the 'coiffure' betrayed some lingering tokens of the Parisian 'petite-maitresse.' Her daughter, a girl of about eleven years old, was occupied in needle-work. Madame de C. rose to receive me with all her former grace of manner, perhaps softened and made warmer by the recollection of the change of our relative positions, and, still more, of how few among her English friends had remembered the wealthy woman of fashion in the penniless refugee.

"A few minutes placed us on a footing of perfect ease and unreserve. With all the volubility of her sex and her nation, she gave me the whole history of their emigration, and of their adventures, since, in England. It appeared that, while the baron was out giving lessons, this soft and delicate woman, reared in the lap of profusion and luxury, performed, assisted by her daughter, all the menial offices of their little *ménage*—conducted the education of that daughter—added her quota to their moderate means by the exercise of her talents in drawing, which as an amateur had been reckoned extreme, and which really were very pleasing—and, occasionally, after a day thus spent, went out in the evening to give lessons in music!

"Nor was this at all recited to me for effect or praise. It came out in the course of conversation, and as the conclusion to her little story of adventure. Nay, she seemed to think she was scarcely to be pitied, in comparison with some of her friends, who, as she said, 'could not get employment if they were equal to it, and whose health and strength would not permit them to avail themselves of it, if it were to offer.'

"I have seen this woman in the midst of gaiety and splendour—and surrounded by a circle the most brilliant which it is possible to meet gathered together, ornamented by dress and blazing with jewels, and yet (though Heaven knows I am no sentimentalist), I never thought she looked so well as she did yesterday, in her simple dress and humble dwelling, with the flush of honest feeling upon her face, as she warmed in the recital of the misfortunes of her compatriots and of herself. Here was a woman, upon whom the air had never been suffered to blow rudely, whose sole occupation had been to invent fresh sources of amusement and gratification, and who had literally been clothed in the softest and had fared of the richest, which art, industry, and wealth could furnish—here was this woman in privation, if not poverty, working with her own hands in those labours which formerly she scarcely knew existed, and dedicating the embellishments of her past life to lessening the present wants of her family and of herself.

"I will confess that one of the things which surprised me the most in all this, was the evidently strong motive of action which arose from affection towards her husband. Not only she did all this, but she did it with a cheerfulness which was beautiful, both in itself, and in throwing the severity of her tasks into shade; and, moreover, she spoke of him, and of his conduct since they had fallen into evil fortune,

with a warmth and energy which at once bespoke the truth and the intensity of the feelings from which those expressions sprang. There never had been, it is true, any thing publicly improper in her conduct; but neither had she and the baron been apparently one whit more attached to each other than was the general usage of the society around them—I need not say how little that was. Nay, more; Madame de Corvillac was very much belied if she did not take still further advantage of the lax arrangements of the times in which she lived. Of this I had personally no accurate knowledge; but such was certainly, true or false, the current rumour in Paris. This apparent contradiction, if not quite solved, was, at any rate, in some degree explained, by the recollection which occurred to me, as she finished speaking, of the similar surprise which Babouc feels at a lady of Persepolis, with whose *cavalier servente* he was acquainted, pleading her husband's cause with the minister most warmly. 'Est-il possible, madame,' lui dit-il, 'que vous vous soyez donné tant de peine pour un homme que vous n'aimez point, et dont vous avez tout à craindre?'—'Un homme que je n'aime point?' s'écrie-t-elle: 'sachez que mon mari est le meilleur ami que j'aie au monde, qu'il n'y a rien que je ne lui sacrifie, hors mon amant; et qu'il ferait tout pour moi, hors quitter sa maitresse.'

"Madame de Corvillac still retains those charms of conversation for which she was always remarkable. Nay, they appeared to me to be even increased—partly, it is probable, from the higher interest and importance of the subjects on which she spoke, familiarly, and as one who had borne a part in them, to what could appertain to the customary trifling occupations of idle people of quality in a luxurious capital. Her character and mind seemed altogether exalted and ennobled by the adversity she had suffered, and the manner in which she had struggled against it. She spoke jestingly of the contrast between their present and their former condition. Secure of the undeniable height of her former state, she seemed to feel no false shame for their present penury—brought on, as it had been, by being included in a general calamity, arising from a great national convulsion; not by their own extravagance or bad conduct.

"I looked at the drawing which lay before her, and of which she was making a copy. It represented a French chateau, surrounded by a garden, full of the terraces, statues, and parterres, usual in the old school of gardening in that country. The prospect, however, was varied and improved by a distant view of a rich valley, with beautiful hills beyond it, and a fine stream running through its whole length. 'Ah!' she said with a sigh, 'that is a view of Vombières! I don't know whether you were ever there, M. Blount; but always in the beginning of September, our whole set used to be *réuni* there; and commonly passed a few weeks with us before we went back to Paris. 'Mais ces jours de fête sont passés!' I shall never see dear, dear Vombières again. I only hope my poor pensioners may have kind masters.'

"The tears gathered in her eyes as she spoke,—for the first time during the whole recital she had made to me of her sufferings and hardships. 'There is Adelaide,' she continued, pointing to her daughter, 'who regrets Vombières, and all the *bons paysans* round it, even more than I do. Young persons, M. Blount, do not become attached to the pleasures and the society of the capital so much as we do. They delight in the simplicity of the country and of

country life. It is hard to tear young affections from even inanimate objects. There was a flower-garden, with a fountain, and an arbour of early lilacs, which had always been appropriated to Adelaide; and I do think it cost her almost as much to leave that, as all the rest of France put together. Little Babet, too, her foster-sister—who lent her *subots* for our disguise in our escape—I almost thought we must have brought the girl with us, it was so difficult to part them. But it was impossible. I looked towards her daughter, as Madame de C. spake. I could not, however, see her face; for she held it bent over her work. But I perceived a large tear fall upon her hand, and I turned away my eyes for fear of jarring feelings which I could not but respect and admire."

Altogether, this is a book not to be laid down with a discontented feeling; the writer expresses, as genius only can, the language of deep passion; and there is an elegance, which flows from a naturally fine-turned mind, about his style. Lethe, which we are only prevented from extracting by its having already been before the public, is a very excellent specimen. The author of *Gilbert Earle*, and of these present volumes, has talents that only require maturing and condensation.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Nouveau Magazin de la Jeunesse. 12mo, pp. 161. Chester, J. Seacombe.

A LITTLE book of correspondence and conversations in French. In some parts there are useful remarks on the construction of the language, and Anglicisms and other blemishes are pointed out: elsewhere we have classic tales rendered into the French tongue; and the whole seems to be a well-conceived work for the pleasant instruction of scholars. We protest, only, against the *Mon Dieu* introduced occasionally into the colloquies.

The Elements of Arithmetic, &c. By Elias Johnston. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd. DESIGNED for the use of schools, and possessing some novelties (we may say improvements) in plan, together with a desirable Appendix of the new Weights and Measures,—this small volume deserves the notice of teachers and the attention of pupils.

Obstinacy. A Tale. By Mrs. A. C. Hall. 1 vol. 12mo. Longman and Co.

A VERY excellent tale for the reading of youth of both sexes. The merit of the design, and the inculcation of good principles by means of a fiction, which contrasts characters of different kinds, and relates incidents naturally arising out of their virtues and vices, would be sufficient to secure our favourable report; nor are we the less inclined to give it from learning that the exemplary writer is the widow of (Dr. Hall) one of those enterprising individuals who have fallen a sacrifice to the spirit of African discovery, and a lady to whom success, even in this slight production, is of material consequence. We trust its sale will reward her benevolent intentions.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR MARCH, AND KALENDAR FOR APRIL.

THE weather since our last has been colder than the average temperature of the season; as that during February exceeded the usual average by nearly 14°. This cold weather, however, has been highly favourable for every description of country work. Oats were never got in in bet-

ter style; and in Scotland, where an extraordinary breadth of spring wheat has been sown, in consequence of the general destruction of the turnip crop, the seed has seldom been committed to the soil under such favourable circumstances. In the barley districts the soil breaks up in the kindest manner, and nothing can work better than that in preparation for potatoes, turnips, and other root crops. The winter wheats have suffered on thin, poor soils, especially where any disposition to springiness has existed; on rich soils they are stooling out, and promise an abundant plant. Lambs have dropped well, with the exception of a few places, where a number are said to have been brought forth dead, or abortive. Keep of every kind is scarce; but, with that single exception, the prospect of good crops was never better.

The operations for April are barley-sowing, and that of summer wheat in the few districts where it is cultivated. Clover and grass seeds are also sown during this month, and on this subject we would direct the attention of our readers to the importance of mixing different grasses together, as illustrated by Mr. Sinclair (to whose labours on this subject the public are so much indebted) in the second number of the *Gardener's Magazine*. He there says, "Any certain soil will maintain a greater and more nutritious produce, if cropped with a number of different species of grasses, than it will maintain and produce if cropped with only one or two species. This is a curious and important fact, and which has been unnoticed in previous works on the subject, as well as neglected in practice. If an acre of good land is sown with three pecks of rye-grass, and one peck of clovers or trefoil, 470 plants only will be maintained on the square foot of such land; if a larger quantity of these seeds is sown, either of these two species, or of any other two, the extra number of plants vegetated (which will certainly appear at first if the seeds are good,) will decay in a short time, and leave blank spaces to be filled up with weeds or spurious grasses, or in fact plants of different species, supplied by the soil, manure, or neighbouring hedges. But if, instead of two species of grasses, from eight to twenty different sorts are sown on the same soil, or that now alluded to, a thousand plants will be maintained on the same space, and the weight of produce in herbage and in hay increased in proportion." The above is worth reflecting on, and we will not weaken its effect on the reader's mind by any farther calendar.

SOLAR SPOTS.

The solar spots have been of greater magnitude during the past month than for many months preceding; the nucleus of one, which could not have been less than 22,000 miles in diameter, was broken into three distinct pieces, the umbra having a defined circular boundary. In the short space of a few hours a furrow was observed proceeding from this spot, and extending itself with astonishing rapidity to a distance equal to the greatest length of the source from which it issued. These appearances indicate the existence of a more powerful agent than any that are analogous on this earth.

Without insisting on the hypothesis, it is merely surmised, whether the conjunctions of the two inferior planets Mercury and Venus, which occurred on the same day (10th March), and at the same time that the spots were traversing the sun's disk, might have some connexion with these phenomena. It will appear, from the following reasoning, to be at least as

rational as many theories which have been advanced to account for these astonishing appearances on the solar orb.

We would first advert to the tides of the ocean, and the atmosphere of our earth, which are affected by lunar influence. The sun is agitated about the common centre of gravity of the whole system, which is not in the sun's centre, though never without its circumference. Mercury and Venus are not only the nearest bodies to the sun, but the densest in the system; for the density of the sun being taken as 148, Mercury will be 9½, and Venus 5½. The solar atmosphere is an elastic fluid, which extends to a height not less than 1843 miles, nor more than 2765 miles. Lastly, gravity, or attraction, is as the distance and quantity of matter in bodies. May we not then infer that the combined action of these dense bodies, of so much greater density than the sun itself, and so near the sun, withdrew the solar atmosphere, and thus uncovered its opaque body?

A NEW COMET.

On the 27th of February, Capt. Von Biela, at Josephstadt in Bohemia, discovered another small comet, resembling a round nebulous spot, in the constellation of Aries; right ascension 26° 50', and north declination 9° 28'. On the following evening, and the 2d of March, W. Von Biela found by comparison with the star 28, Arietis, of Bode's Atlas:

	Mean Time.	Right Ascension.	N. Declination.
Feb. 28	7 37	28° 17'	9° 18'
March 2	8 33	4° 30'	4° 56'

This comet, which is invisible to the naked eye, was immediately found as soon as the news was received at Spire on the 10th; and it was observed till the 16th. Its positions were:

	Mean Time.	Right Ascension.	N. Declination.
March 10	7h. 47'	38° 50'	13° 55'
13	7 50	42° 15'	10° 26'
16	7 51	45° 35'	10° 37'

From these last observations we have the following elements, according to which the comet approaches the earth for some weeks, but without becoming much brighter, and disappears in about two months. It will move almost uniformly and parallel to the equator, towards the east. On the 25th of March, when the moon would not interfere with the observation, it would be found in 56° 48' right ascension, and 10° 55' declination; and fourteen days later, it will be some degrees north of X in Orion.

Elements.	
Time of the Perihelion.	1836, March 17, 6 20
Longitude	100° 51' 57"
Ascending Node	246 34 52
Inclination of the Orbit	15 7 5
Perigee	0.00003
Motion, direct.	

M. Gambart, at Marseilles, discovered a new comet on the 9th ult. From a resemblance to the comets seen in 1772 and 1805, he is inclined to consider this to be a periodical visitor.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, April 7.—The subject of the Senonian prize poem for the present year is *The Transfiguration*.

MEMBERS' PRIZES.—The subjects for the present year are, for the

SENIOR BACHELORS:

Quales fuerint antiquorum Philosophorum de animi immortalitate opiniones, et ex quanam origine ductæ?

MIDDLE BACHELORS:

Quibuscumque præcipuis artibus recentioribus antiquis præsuperant?

FINE ARTS.

NEW PRODUCTIONS IN THE FINE ARTS.

The Dismasted Indianan—the Dunira. Painted and engraved by W. Daniell, R.A.

No artist ever touched "the elemental strife" with a bolder hand than Mr. Daniell: and the interest of the present scene is augmented by the appearance of shadowy forms upon the decks, covered as they are with the foaming sea-rage, and the wild confusion of broken masts and shattered tackle. Scattered lights thrown over the picture add much to the stormy effect. It is a fine and spirited performance; a delightful one we should think for an old East Indian, or any retired naval officer, to hang up in his comfortable home, to remind him of the dangers he has weathered.

The Longship's Light-House, off the Land's End, Cornwall. By the Same.

Is another of those admirable marine productions for which the public are indebted to Mr. Daniell's pencil and burin. The Light-house lifted up on high, like Hope, above the storms of life, is a beautiful object; and the ship struggling with the dashing waves below is a fit emblem of that life itself. Might we not carry our fancy a little farther, and ask Man to read a lesson in that sea-bird, which, amidst the agitation around it, floats serenely, guiding its way with unruffled plumage, or soars above the tempest on bold and confident wing.

Goethe, a Portrait. By C. Vogel. Engraved in lithography by S. Bendixen.

The favoured bard of Germany is here finely represented. The features are grand and intelligent, and the eyes combine the expression of genius and benevolence. As a lithographic print it has great merit, and does credit even to the German School, which has cultivated that art so sedulously and so successfully. The specimen before us is published at Hamburg; but Mr. Ackermann has imported a number for English collectors and the admirers of the celebrated original.

Panoramic View of Liverpool. Drawn on the spot by G. Tytler. Engraved by Havell. Published by Morrison and Watt.

Two coloured engravings, extending together to about five feet in length, afford a perfect idea of the magnificent and busy Port of one of the greatest commercial towns in the world. Liverpool, and the river covered with a countless forest of masts, are seen in the middle distance: in the foreground is the water, made animated by steam-boats and other vessels of every description. Figures are cleverly and picturesquely introduced; and the whole scene is cheerful and pleasing.

THEATRICAL.—Miss Chester. Painted by J. Jackson, R.A. Engraved by S.W. Reynolds. Colnaghi, Son, and Co., Pall Mall East.

MR. REYNOLDS has preserved Mr. Jackson's style capitally in this mezzotint engraving. The original was free and sketchy, and so is the imitation. The attitude is good; and the beautiful countenance and expressive eyes of a very lovely woman are given with great truth.

Mr. W. Farren, as Periwinkle; from a Picture by Wageman, and engraved on steel by Woolnoth.

Is a small print, the whole-length figure being about two and a half inches, and designed as a frontispiece to a late No. of a cheap Series of

the British Theatre, in which is reprinted the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*. Wageman, as he generally does, has caught a characteristic likeness, and presented us with this clever comedian in a part where he shines to great advantage. As an ornament to such a work it deserves much praise: and proofs, by themselves, will be very acceptable to amateurs.

Map.—This mention rather belongs to the useful than to the Fine Arts: it is of a Map of the Birmese Empire, constructed on data furnished by the Surveyor-General's office at Calcutta, and engraved by James Wyld. It seems to us to be by much the most accurate of any with which we are acquainted, for reference to the seat of war in the East; and is apropos to this period, when public attention is directed to a quarter so imperfectly known, and now so interesting to British feelings.

DRAWINGS IN WATER COLOURS.

A COLLECTION of works of this kind has, for several weeks, been privately exhibited by a foreign gentleman of the name of Heilbronn; and has greatly attracted the attention of the curious. The whole is, indeed, an extraordinary performance to have been achieved by an individual; for there are ten folio volumes, containing 500 leaves and nearly 1000 different objects in botany and natural history, all executed with a finish so careful, and a representation of nature so minute and skilful, that one would imagine it impossible to have performed such a labour within the compass of a life. It is stated, that upwards of forty years were employed in producing this collection by a Hungarian nobleman whom some corporeal infirmity had rendered fonder of solitude and the arts than of society; and who gave months to the painting of a single leaf or flower, in preference to mixing with the business and bustle of the active world. The subjects belong chiefly to the Hungarian Flora and Pomona, and seem, nearly all, to have been most faithfully copied from nature. Some of them are extremely beautiful; and it is surprising to observe how many thousands of delicate touches must have been bestowed on the down of a leaf, the hair of a foot-stalk, or the blossom of a single flower.

We understand that it is Mr. Heilbronn's wish to dispose of the property, and it is with this view that he has invited amateurs to inspect it at his residence in Frith Street.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DEATH OF THE WARRIOR-KING.

THERE are noble heads bow'd down and pale,
Deep sounds of woe arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded Warrior lies;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls,
Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleam'd,
And flew the bolts of war:
When, in his plenitude of power,
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood-dark brand.
I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favourite Minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song:

For, dearly as he loved renown,

He loved that spell-wrought strain,
Which bade the brave of perished days
Light Conquest's torch again.

Then seem'd the Bard to cope with Time,
And triumph o'er his doom—
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb!

Again the hardy Britons rush'd
Like lions to the fight;
While horse and foot—helm, shield, and lance—
Swept by his visioned sight!

But battle shout and waving plume—
The drums' heart-stirring beat—
The glittering pomp of prosperous war—
The rush of million feet—

The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,—
Are sights and sounds the dying King
Shall see—shall hear no more!

SKETCHES.

AT HOME: NOT AT HOME.

WHAT magic is in these three words—positively—negatively! Ye who think that tomorrow will pay the promises of to-day, listen to the adventures which belong to these talismanic expressions.

The age which had succeeded the bubble-age was in its full bloom of bankruptcies and suspensions, when Timotheus Scribbehake, esquire, who had lived most principally during a long period by writing for the periodical press, worked as usual in his calling, with double industry, to meet the pressure of the times; and sincerely hoped that no callers would call to interrupt him in his occupation. By the morrow he had contracted to furnish for a Review that called itself first-rate, a paper on cash payments and the currency, which to finish required his utmost exertions. He would have said "not at home," but he had heard that denial of self was worse than self-denial; the former being an act of bankruptcy, the latter an act of Christian virtue. So, despatching an early breakfast, Timotheus took the last day by the forelock, and was pen in hand betimes. Luckless wight! hardly had his good grey quill imbibed its first sip of ink, when in walked Mr. A. Jourdouy, the most worthy of innocent creatures. Mr. A. Jourdouy's conversation is of a very agreeable kind, though not particularly instructive. He tells you nearly all the news which have appeared in the newspapers of the preceding day, or even two days, if he is in a remarkably communicative key; and does it in so endearing a manner, that it is quite impossible not to be grateful for his indulgence. On the present occasion he was overflowing with kindness, and distilled the intelligence of half a week into the listening ear and tortured heart of Timotheus, who, at the end of two hours, saw his visitor depart with a sort of feeling as if the weight of a mountain were taken off his back, like Edwin of the Green, or Sir Topaz, in the fairy tale. Alas! his joy was brief: before he was well re-seated, Doctor Chitty dropped

in. Timotheus looked agast,—for though the doctor dealt in remedies, well he knew that there was no remedy for the doctor. He therefore summoned all his patience to hear over again all the little items which he had so often heard before, but which it was his friend's pleasure to detail every time he did him the favour of a call. It happened that the doctor's budget was uncommonly full. One of his horses had cast a shoe, at six or seven minutes past four o'clock—the road had been newly Macadamised—the coachman did not observe the accident—a pebble of the size of a walnut, or at least a cobnut, had penetrated the hoof—the treatment of the wound—the expected lameness—the provision for travelling about in the interim—the costs of both cure and substitute—digressions on the patient he was going to at the time, and his disorder—on Macadamisation and paving—on farriers and horse-shoe nails—on coachmen and the characters of servants (the shameful practices which prevailed in the latter respect in London, with a few anecdotes of persons who had been cheated); this topic alone, including its near and remote branches, occupied one good hour, and nearly another was consumed in equally important business, before the doctor (who might have walked the round of his patients without finding the journey too long or the day too short), did what he often induced others to do—took his departure. Timotheus had been reduced to a state of stupor, from which he was gradually recovering, when Mrs. Bluhose was announced. Ye gods! she came to consult her dear adviser on the publication of a work she had just completed; she knew how valuable, or rather invaluable his time was; she would not detain him; but she must just read one short passage or two. Timotheus folded his arms with the philosophy of an ancient stoic; only one melancholy sigh forced its way from his breast, and this he tried to pass off for a cough, as if settling into attention; and the lady proceeded to develop her plan, characters, objects, incidents, and style. Thus delightfully employed, old Chronos flew with her as if his wings expanded with tenfold elasticity; while to her auditor they seemed to have moulted every feather, and to be vainly beating the air with bare pinions. At length, however, two other hours were worn away, and the fair authoress left the room, assured that her production must enchant the world as it had enchanted her auditor. Timotheus heard a noise in the stair—was it the sound of voices? yes: Mr. Bore, in coming up, had met Mrs. Bluhose going down, and they were exchanging a greeting. The latter had almost turned back to shew Mr. B. her MS., but contented herself for the present with reading a page or two on the steps, and promising a more prolonged specimen at an early opportunity. "What an infernal bore that woman is," said Bore, entering the chamber, where he bored his unhappy acquaintance for another space of two hours. Bore himself had no conversation; but he hoped he did not interrupt business, while by every now and then popping a question, or mentioning where the wind and how the weather was, had been, and probably would be, he more effectually murdered thought than if he had chattered all the while like a wilderness of monkeys. But it is a long bore which has no termination, and at last he walked away to bore somewhere else; Timotheus wishing him in the tunnel under the Thames. Now, said he, it is four o'clock, too late for further idlers, and I shall do my best still to finish my labours. That day was he doomed to labour none—it had been marked by

Destiny with a white stone for a day of leisure, relaxation, and recreation. Squibb, the poet; Andrew, a cousin from Devonshire; Runfusk, the actor; Smith, a Brighton acquaintance; and half a dozen others appeared singly or in company, and some of them so near dinner-time, that they must of course be asked to take pot-luck. Timotheus, in despair, gave up the day as lost; he dined, he wine, and he resolved to take especial care never again to lose his time so egregiously.

Next morning he was at his desk by daylight, and the maid was strictly enjoined to say he was *not at home*. To his utter dismay he soon saw her usher a mere common visitor into the apartment, and Timotheus could not conceal his rage and vexation. The visitor begged pardon—hoped he did not intrude—was not aware Mr. S. was so much engaged, or would not have disturbed him—would not, indeed, but Mary had shewn him up without hesitation, and — "Mary be cursed," cried the fairly worn-out and distracted writer. "I do not blame you, sir, and am sorry to be so impatient; but that stupid ass never attends to any order I give her." "Stupid ass!" exclaimed Mary—"marry come up. I did attend to your order, sir: the Bishop of London has not called to-day." The stranger stared, nor could conceive what the Bishop of London had to do with his introduction: it seems that Timotheus, to make his instructions the more forcible and positive, had told Mary, that even if the Bishop of London came, she was not to admit him; and honest Mary had fancied that she was to admit every body else!

Now, better informed, she obeyed him to a letter. She watched the door like a she-dragon, and sinned, after the manner of Peter, frequently and stoutly. Timotheus, rejoicing, went on briskly with his literary labours: but there is no real happiness in this world. Among the other callers was Mr. Crib, the attorney, with a bill, which was given for a loan he had generously pressed upon Timotheus, and for which he merely took this as a voucher, never to be used until convenient to the borrower. "Master is *not at home*," "Surely he is," "He is not," "Why I saw him just now at the window," "Master is *not at home*," &c. &c. A notary, in the evening, had the same answer; and in the course of the week, Mr. Timotheus Scribshake had a commission of bankruptcy issued against him by his quondam friend Mr. Crib!

MUSIC.

In the third Philharmonic Concert, given on Monday last, under the direction of Mr. Kiesewetter as leader, and Mr. Weber as conductor, the subscribers had the advantage of hearing some of the best compositions of the latter performed in a very superior style. His high satisfaction with the orchestra was so apparent, that we question if the Dresden band, though of his own training, would have expressed his conceptions with more precision and vigour than he witnessed on this occasion, when his two overtures to *Der Freischütz* and *Eurianthe* were admirably performed.

Another of A. Romberg's *Grand Symphonies* being played here so soon after the first, is a proof of the estimation in which this composer is held; and we advise the directors to add it to the small stock of symphonies which are regularly given every season. The vocal pieces from the *Freischütz*, Don Giovanni, &c., though well given by Mde. Caradori, Phillips, and Sapio, did not make very prominent features in the concert. Weber's scene "La

Dolce Speranza" is a new production, but not highly distinguished for novelty of conception. Mr. Schuncke's concerto on the Piano-forte, as a first appearance, was looked for with rather more than ordinary curiosity. The bill did not state what he was going to play, but he actually performed three entirely unconnected concert pieces: the first movement of Ries's Concert in C sharp minor; the second movement of Beethoven's Concert in C; and lastly, the Hungarian Rondo, by Pixis. His execution, clearness, and ornamental brilliancy, certainly entitle him to the name of a first-rate pianist, worthy of so great a master as Hummel, whose tuition he has had for a considerable period. He is a young man, and has plenty of time before him to learn to play an adagio as well as he does an allegro. His cadence preceding the Hungarian Rondo, astonishingly difficult, to be sure, was a perfect *hocus pocus*, calculated to excite rather ridicule than delight. If Mr. Schuncke be endowed with no more than the usual portion of vanity natural to musicians, he must have been completely satisfied with the very liberal applause he received from the audience.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

Pietro l'Heremita has been performed twice with a tolerable cast of parts: Bonini has distinguished herself more than in any preceding opera. A new divertissement (a village fete) was produced on Tuesday: a variety, of no higher pretensions than to be so. Pasta is definitively engaged; and will in six weeks make more money than the President of the Board of Trade could earn in a year.

We regret that the pressure of matter this week prevents us from doing justice to Mr. Yates's diversified and very amusing entertainment at the Adelphi Theatre. His Reminiscences are likely to be long remembered by the crowds whom he nightly attracts to witness the display of his extraordinary talents. The whole thing is well got up—the characters are cleverly drawn—the imitations capital—the story, or rather congeries of stories, amusingly told—the songs full of humour—and the *patter* still more so. With all these good qualities, it is no wonder that Mr. Yates's experiment has turned out completely successful, and that he is allowed to share largely with his great prototype, Mr. Mathews, in popular favour.

VARIETIES.

Beet-Root.—The extraction of sugar from beet-root is still practised in many parts of France with great success. A paper by a M. Beaujeu was read at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, in which various improvements in the cultivation of that vegetable were suggested. M. Beaujeu considers a little plantation of beet-root, for the purpose of making sugar, an indispensable portion of every farm.

The late painter David's pictures are advertised to be sold at Paris on the 17th, and to be exhibited on the three preceding days.

French Expedition of Discovery.—The French Minister of Marine has requested the committee of the French Academy—appointed to draw up a statement of the various subjects to which, in their opinion, the attention of the expedition, under Captain Durville, which has for some time been in preparation at Toulon, should be directed—to hasten the completion of their labours, as the vessels are nearly equipped.

Captain Coe, late commander of the squadron in the East Indies, has presented to Cambridge University an alabaster statue of a Burmese idol, taken from the sacred grove near Ava; and two religious books, beautifully executed on the palmyra leaf, to which none but the Burmese priests are permitted to have access.

Navigation of Rivers.—A M. Lagnel has constructed a machine, which is at present at work on the Rhone, by which he contrives to tow vessels against the stream at the rate of three quarters of a league in the hour; the ordinary rate of vessels towed by horses being two leagues and a half, or three leagues a day. He has presented a model of his machine, on the scale of an inch to a foot, to the French Academy of Sciences.

A Greenock newspaper mentions the discovery of a curious piece of antiquity in a quarry (Auchmearn), which is wrought in that part of Scotland. It is described to be a silver or mixed-metallic horse-shoe, connected with a petrification of wood, and both embedded $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep in the solid rock. This situation refers it to a period so remote, that even an antediluvian existence is attributed to it!

In July last the Pollux Dutch sloop of war, Captain Egg, discovered a new and well-peopled island in the Pacific, to which the name of *Nederlandich Island* was given. Its latitude and longitude laid down at $7^{\circ} 10' S.$, and $177^{\circ} 33' 16'' E.$ from Greenwich. The natives were athletic and fierce, great thieves, and, from their shewing no symptoms of fear when muskets were discharged, evidently unacquainted with the effects of fire-arms.

Canine Anecdotes (from a country Correspondent).—Saint Bride's Church, with its beautiful tower, seems to be quietly sinking back into the oblivion from which it partially emerged by the disastrous fire in Fleet Street, which so fully exposed it to the admiration of the public. The narrow chasm which has been penuriously allowed to remain open will serve more to mock than to gratify the furtive glance which can but for a moment rest on what is, or was called, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Christopher Wren. Passing lately through Fleet Street, and being a stranger to town, I felt attracted by curiosity to have a better view of the church than the partially blockaded opening would allow me. I entered a house of entertainment, whose public room overlooked the churchyard, and presented from its windows a complete view of the east end, and the whole of the north side of this grand structure. Whilst intently gazing on the church, I observed a dog, which repeatedly passed to and fro amongst the tombstones, seeming completely at home. A gentleman in the room, observing my attention directed to the dog, told me that the animal had been a voluntary inmate in the churchyard for the last three years. She had followed her master's remains to the grave, and could neither be coaxed nor driven from the place which contained them. For six months she had lain every night upon the grave, and did not attract notice till she was nearly starved by hunger. From that time the neighbours have been kind to the faithful animal, for she now looks in good condition. A kennel is placed for her on the south side of the church; she is considered as a trusty guardian for the dead, and a hallowed, self-devoted victim to the memory of her beloved master. This relation naturally gave rise to many anecdotes relative to the attachments, cunning, and sagacity of the canine race. Amongst the company was an Hibernian, with orient locks and whiskers, whose outer man was arrayed with all the pre-

cision of a dandy of fashion. He took the advantage of a pause in the conversation, to say, in a strong brogue, "Gentlemen, the dog in the churchyard reminds me of Pat Flannigan and his dog. Pat, gentlemen, was a porter to some person in Common Garden, and so by that manes Pat took a fancy to a sack of green paws; he was detected and taken to Bow Street, and his dog followed him; he was committed to Newgate, and wid him went his dog. The poor baste stopped outside of Newgate all the time Pat was in the inside of it. Pat was tried for stealing the paws, and sentenced to be flogg'd all round the market; and, gentlemen, the dog followed his master; he would not desert him though he was in disgrace, and, by the powers! every time that Pat gave a howl, through the application of the cat, the dog set up an answering yowl out of sympathy for his master. They thought he would have bit Jack Ketch by the heels, and so they drive the poor baste away. When Pat had done being flogg'd, he bethought him of his dog, 'Phew, phew,' whistled Pat; but the dog was out of haring. 'By my soul,' says Pat, shrugging up his shoulders, 'I've lost my dog through your d-d nonsense, I have, and bad luck to ye all for't, say I!' " Thus ended the Hibernian's tale; and though the resemblance was not very striking to that of the faithful dog of St. Bride's, the accents and *naïveté* of the orator, and the *nonchalance* of the disciplined Flannigan, raised a burst of merriment from the whole company.—*Viator*.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR—I am a draper's employé, and the principal of the establishment to which I belong, being anxious to improve the minds of his assistants, closes his emporium at 8 o'clock in the evening. Being a member of a mechanic's institution, I devote all the spare time that my gymnastic exercises will allow to the perusal of the books in the library of the institute; and I assure you, sir, I have attained such facility in that practice, that a volume of Gibbon or Hume is the occupation of only two hours, and I have despatched the contents of the whole library (except the dictionary) in the short space of three weeks!—It is very amusing, sir, and I dare say the books are good; but of course I have not time to think of their contents, and cannot form an opinion.

But to my present purpose. I was sitting upon the counter, under the gas-light, reading the dictionary, and this book not being so pretty as any of the others, I fell asleep; and I dreamt that all the writers whose names I had heard passed before me, each dressed in some peculiar stuff, that seemed to *characterise* his style: they came in alphabetical order, as follows:—

Addison	... Lawn.	Johnson (Dr.)	Brocade.
Bacon (Lord)	Broad-cloth.	Jonson (Ben)	Cord.
Baxter (R.)	Sackcloth.	Lee (Nat.)	... Fustian.
Blackmore,		Milton	... Velvet.
(Sir R.)	... Buckram.	Pope	... Satin.
Blair (Dr.)	... Cambric.	Prizer	... Gauze.
Bolingbroke,		Richardson	... Chintz.
(Lord)	... Damask.	Robertson	... Clear muslin.
Chaucer	... Cerecloth.	Shakespeare	Tapestry.
Collins	... White dimity.	Shenstone	... Crape.
Cowley	... Saraset.	Smollett	... Canvas.
Cowper	... Velvet.	Spenser	... Cloth of gold.
Dryden	... Lutestring.	Sterne	... Point lace.
Falconer	... Sailcloth.	Swift	... Irish cloth.
Fielding	... Tabby.		... coarse.
Gay	... Kersymere.	Taylor (Jer.)	Black lute-
Gibbon	... Shot silk.		string, lined
Goldsmith	... Russel stuff.		with hair-
Gray	... Gros-de-Na-		cloth.
	ples.	Thomson	... Taffety.
Hume	... Tartan plaid.	Young	... Black bom-
			bazine.

I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

LAWRENCE LONGLAWN.

Chesham, April 1, 1826.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dr. Smith is preparing a Natural and Topographical History of Dorking and its interesting Vicinity.

Rousseau.—Under the title of *Thoughts of an Honest Mind, and Sentiments of a Virtuous Heart*, a posthumous work ascribed to Rousseau, has lately appeared in Paris.

An Essay, said to be written by Buonaparte at the age of twenty, is announced by General Gourgaud for early publication. The title is, *On the Truths which it is necessary to teach Men for their Happiness*.

The *Miscellaneous Library* for 1826, consisting of unique Selections from the most important books of the past year, in Autobiography, History, Memoirs, Poetry, and Voyages and Travels, is announced, in octavo.

The late excellent Lindley Murray has expressed, in a written document, as well as verbally, his very earnest desire and urgent request, that after his decease none of his letters should be published. He has, however, given leave for the publication of some recollections of his life, which he wrote in consequence of repeated solicitation. This interesting and highly-instructive little work, the last which may be expected from his pen, will in a short time be published, together with an appendix, containing a memoir of the concluding years of his life, his character, and some critical remarks on his writings.

Paris.—Sir Walter Scott's works have been published here in 8vo. and 12mo., in English; there are two translations in French, an 8vo. edition, and two editions in 12mo. Yet, with all these editions, comprising at least 10,000 copies, the public curiosity is yet unsated; and M. Charles Gosselin, the publisher of the best translation of Sir Walter's works in 8vo. and 12mo., has now in the press an edition in royal 18mo., with plates. M. G. intends this to be the most beautiful edition of Sir Walter Scott published in either kingdom.

Monsieur Montolieu called on the bookseller: "I want," said he, "to publish a volume on the Jesuits; but, as I am fearful it will not sell, I will only print five hundred copies." The bookseller, after looking over the MS., called on the author, and offered to take the risk on himself, and give him one thousand francs for the copyright, which M. M. accepted with pleasure. The work has gone through five editions in two months, and the publisher has cleared a thousand pounds by the bargain.

The Monthly Review magnanimously declines to insert its own contributor's detailed answer to our charge of plagiarism from the *Literary Gazette*. In the review of *Moss's Manual*. In this it has done wisely; for it is much more convenient to evade charges, so supported by direct quotation and conclusive evidence, than to rebut them; and we should have suffered the matter to rest, had not the paragraph in question ventured in its turn to charge us of garbling the article, in order to suit the accusation. This we think very ungracious. After applying to us for an original review from the same pen which wrote that in our *Gazette*, it was not very strange that they should make a good use of our published materials, since it was out of our power to oblige them privately. Having done so, they ought to be grateful for our guidance and intelligence, which saved their friend a world of labour.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Sherlock's and Town's Customs and Excise Duties, 8vo. 9s. 6ds.—Emily; or Traits of Principle, post 8vo. 6s. 6ds.—*Richelieu*; or the Broken Heart, 2mo. 5s. 6ds.—Anderson's Mission to Sumatra, 16s. 6ds.—Sandwall; or the Freeman, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 2s. 6ds.—Sheridaniana, post 8vo. 8s. 6ds.—Busfield's Sermons, Vol. III. 8vo. 12s. 6ds.—Coleman's Commercial Assistant, 8vo. 7s. 6ds.—Wilson's (Mrs.) Hours at Home, 18mo. 7s. 6ds.—Holcraft's German Tales, 8s. 5s. 7s. 6ds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 30	From 29. to 51.	29.50 to 30.12
Friday 31	— 25. — 55.	30.19 — 30.30
April.		
Saturday 1	— 25. — 59.	30.26 — 30.19
Sunday 2	— 37. — 56.	30.07 — 30.02
Monday 3	— 45. — 63.	30.07 — 30.13
Tuesday 4	— 36. — 58.	30.10 — 30.07
Wednesday 5	— 46. — 59.	30.03 stationary

Prevailing wind N.W. and W., except the 1st and 2d, when it was S.W. Generally fair and dry, no rain having fallen since the 27th, except on the morning of the 2d, when 0.25 of an inch fell.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Owing to the great length of Review allowed to Major Denham's Travels, we have been compelled to abridge this No. in every other department. In our next we will continue the notice of Ellis's Sandwich Islands; our Medical Report; Paul Pry on his Travels, No. III.; Irish Sketches, No. I.; and a very miscellaneous variety of other articles will also appear.

Our opinion would, we fear, have very little weight in the matter suggested by J. B. We will, however, see the Andrea del Sarto he alludes to; and if we agree with him upon its extraordinary merits, will direct attention to it in a proper quarter.

Edgar's compositions are not equal to what we desire for insertion. C. F. is not so good as before.

ERRATUM.—We have to apologise for the re-appearance of the lines signed "Zarath" in last *Gazette*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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are respectfully informed that the Eleventh Anniversary
Festival will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday,
the 15th of April, on which occasion,
The Right Hon. the EARL of LIVERPOOL, K.G.
Has most graciously signified his intention to preside.

Stewards.

Right Hon. the Earl of Pomfret
Right Hon. Robert Peel, M.P.
F.R.S.
General Grosvenor, M.P.
Joseph Delafield, Esq.
C. H. Turner, Esq.

Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Russell, Bt.
Hon. George Agar Ellis, M.P.
Jesse Watts Russell, Esq. M.P.
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John Dickinson, Esq.
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and at the Freemasons' Tavern.

W. J. ROPER, Assistant-Secretary.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

for APRIL, contains, among other interesting Articles:—
1. Recollections of the Life of John O'Keefe, from the Year
1765 to 1810, written by Himself; with numerous Anecdotes of
his Contemporaries; No. 1.—2. Picaresque Journals.—3. On the
Conversion of Lord—4. Wesley and his Disciple; a Tale of the
West—5. Adventures of an Italian Emigrant, written by himself.
No. 1.—6. New Odes and Addresses to Great People: No. 1.—
7. New Series of Arabian Nights' Entertainments.—8. Chinese
Jests.—9. On the Religion of Actors.—10. Extracts from the Journal
of an Architect: No. 1. Pastum.—11. Sketches of Parisian
Society, Politics, and Literature.—12. Popular Fallacies, by Eliza
13. Records of Women: No. 6. The American Forest (Giri)—14.
The City of the Dead.—15. Notes on the Month; Russia and the
Duke of Wellington; how to make a Professional Gentleman
Healthy: Weber: Royal Magnanimity.—16. Review of the Diary
of a Knave; and Fifteen other Books.—17. The Drama; a
Glimpse at the Audience.—18. The New Opera.—19. London Exhibitions.—20. Varieties, Literary and Philosophical.—21. Menus
of Lindley Murray, Esq. &c.—22. Reports, Literary, Meteorological,
Agricultural, and Commercial.—23. Political Events, and
important Occurrences throughout Great Britain. Promotions,
Appointments, &c. &c.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington Street.

Published this day,

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No.

IX, containing:—1. The Game Laws—2. Bentham's Swear
Not at All—3. Mill's History of Chivalry—4. Effect of the Em-
ployment of Machinery on the Happiness of the Working Classes
—5. Lardner's Treatise on the United States—6. Fraser's Journal
—7. The Silk Trade—8. Dr. Willis's Treatise on Mental De-
generation—9. Critical Dissertation on the Nature, Measures,
and Causes of Value—10. The United States—11. Fraser's
Journal into Khorsan—12. Private Memoirs of Madame du Haussat
—13. Parliamentary History and Review for the Session of 1825.
London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

LONDON MAGAZINE.—Contents for

April:—1. Yankee Notions—2. The Geneva Elephant—
3. Klappholz's Asiatic Magazine—4. Poetical Distress—5. The
Life and Adventures of an Italian Gentleman; No. 4.—6. Journal
of a Traveller in the Continent—7. The Temple of Butter-
flies—8. Extracts of a Correspondence from the North of Ger-
many; No. 3.—9. Account of the Rebellion in the Philippine
Islands in the Year witnessed—10. Diary of a "Constant
Reader," for the Month of March. Mr. Fudge's Trichomanes
Elegans. Mr. Peter Moore's Ingeniousness. A strong
Figure of Speech. Anecdote of Mignet's History of the French
Revolution. Anecdote of the Elephant. British Modesty.
Shakespearean Poetry. The Aristocracy of Guernsey. The
Sixties and Forties. Character of the Newspapers. The Morning
Herald, and Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. Mr. Cunningham
and the British Embassy at Paris. A Good Reason, and John
Bell's Arithmetical Riddle. Morning Herald's Police Reports.
Art of Narrating Accidents in Newspapers. Dutchmen and
theatricals. Cow-house of the Modern Athens. John Bull
on Education. The Difference between Noli me Tangere and
Noli Episcopari.—11. Mr. McCulloch's Doctrine on Abstinence.
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Mall East.

COPELEY FIELDING, Secretary.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No.

LXVI. was published on Thursday.

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